

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

No. 1,511.—Vol. LIX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



RHODE ISLAND.—REVIEW OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON OFF CONANICUT ISLAND BY THE PRESIDENT AND THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, AUGUST 27TH.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 37.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

CAUTION.

We again caution the public that we employ no traveling agents, and that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are those which bear the name of Mrs. Frank Leslie, widow of the late publisher. The business name and style of the house is *not* Frank Leslie & Co., or Leslie & Co., or Frank Leslie Publishing House, but Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher. All letters, subscriptions and business orders should be addressed to

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, PUBLISHER,  
P. O. Box 3,706.] 53-55-57 Park Place, New York.

FRENCH AGGRESSION IN CHINA.

A SORT of colonizing frenzy seems to have seized upon the French Government. If there is any nation in the world particularly unadapted to the work of colonization, and that has a history of steady non-success in that line, that nation is France. Her late efforts in that direction are adding no glory to her history. Her unjust invasion of the Christian and peaceful kingdom of Madagascar, in opposition to the conscience of the civilized world, is followed by a ruthless attack upon Tonquin in furtherance of her colonizing schemes. M. Ferry stated, in a debate in the French Chambers only a few days ago, that the occupation of Tonquin was in pursuance of a determination to found a great Indo-European colony. He did not state why it was determined to found the colony in just that particular part of the globe. There is no need to go far, however, in seeking the reasons. The possession of Tonquin would afford a ready entrance for French trade into the southwestern provinces of China. By that route French goods would not need to enter Chinese seaports. Opportunities for transit across the border without payment of duty would be numerous. Disputes might arise, but they would only constitute occasions for securing more territory. Tonquin is attacked. The King of Anam dies—not without some suspicion that his death was not due to absolutely natural causes. The French invaders set up a new king. For centuries China has held a suzerainty over Anam, and the kings of the latter country have never been enthroned without the consent of China. This fact is ignored by the French, who make a treaty with their new king, and call upon China to recognize him and acknowledge the treaty. China pockets the insult and complies. Lang-son is to be evacuated, and the French to take possession. It is by no means clear that the garrison of Lang-son had due notice of the agreement. If they did, it is still less clear that any Chinese who were there were under the orders of the Chinese Government. The French move on Lang-son and are met with vigorous resistance on the part of the garrison. China is held accountable, and the modest indemnity of 80,000,000 francs demanded. China very naturally demurs to this. Admiral Courbet attacks the forts of Ke-lung, and then proceeds up the River Min to Pagoda Anchorage, where the French fleet sinks five Chinese gunboats, and rains a merciless shower of shot and shell upon the Foo-Chow arsenal and upon adjacent Chinese temples and villages for several hours after the Chinese have ceased firing. Perhaps the French may see some glory in this, but the rest of the world fails to discover it.

It is impossible to predict the result of the hostilities commenced. If France could rapidly strike some other severe blows upon China, like the destruction of the arsenal, she might end the war according to her desires; but if hostilities should be prolonged, there would be danger of complications arising with England or Germany, owing to interference with trade. In that case, this ill-advised movement of the French might be attended with very serious and far-reaching consequences, involving even the peace of Europe and the overthrow of the present French Government. It would be far better for France even now to settle the present difficulty by a resort to arbitration, and to retain as much of the respect of Christendom as is possible after the outrageous deeds that have already been witnessed with shame and indignation.

STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS.

EUROPE repeats the old lesson. The outbreak of strange superstitions there are synchronous with the outbreak of cholera. This was a matter of course. Whenever man is subjected to some force of nature which he cannot understand, he always inclines to seek protection from it in some superstitious observance. So it is by no means surprising that the Italian peasants, when attacked by cholera, repel the doctors and trust their own charms and conjurers. At Busca a plague-stricken girl was found lying ill in a filthy room where two sheep were living, she having been put there "so that their wool would absorb the disease." The peasants are also "profound believers in the efficacy of processions, fasts and incantations," and at one place where a procession was prohibited, the military had to be called out to quell the tumult which the prohibition provoked.

Papers allude to these occurrences as being "media-

val superstitions," and confined to European peasants; but they are no such thing. They exist in all parts of the United States as truly as they do in Naples or the Tyrolean hills, and if the cholera were to break out here there would be developed an amount of preposterous superstition that would amaze the world. A lady who fears to wear an opal ring, or who deprives her little boy of an early dinner and sends him out to play when there are thirteen at the table, or who fears to go back after something she has left when starting on a journey, is a candidate for the sheep-pen when the cholera arrives in New York. Hundreds of absurd and even loathsome remedies are still used in every one of our States for all sorts of diseases, and the folly is not confined to the poor or the ignorant. Burying pork under a stone for toothache is one of the least harmful of these, and it is so common that it is probably practiced in good faith every year in every town in America. A powder made from "horses' warts" is much prized by old women in all parts of this land of school-houses, while toad-tea, grasshopper-hash, and a soup made of a chicken with feathers on, boiled alive, are all regarded as infallible specifics for afflicting ailments. The writer knows a lady of intelligence, education and refinement, who indulged in a regular daily meal of angle-worms for six months, to cure her of consumption! In the presence of such a fact, what is there astonishing in the girl who lived with sheep? If the cholera comes here, "filthy sheep" will be at a premium.

Man is slow to learn that the world is governed by law. Concerning the causes of health and sickness, all are ignorant; physicians only a shade less ignorant than their patients; so superstition has still its stronghold in the occult domains of disease. In Italy, all believe in marvels and prodigies. Saints and demons, prayer and curse, charm and counter-charm, are there matters not of belief, but of daily experience. When an earthquake overthrew Ischia, the peasants rushed not to the boats, but to their altars; as, when Vesuvius rained fire on Pompeii, the devout people, instead of flying, crowded the Temple of Juno and perished in her impotent presence. The world moves—slowly.

AMERICAN BANKING.

THE recent Convention of American Bankers at Saratoga ably discussed many topics of interest connected with the business of banking in this country, but the criticism passed upon its proceedings that they were without a sufficiently direct bearing upon the solution of practical questions seems not wholly without justification. Why, it is asked, was not more time given to such practical and increasingly important topics as the buying and selling of commercial paper and the business of note brokerage? Why was so little said concerning the laxity, little less than criminal, in the management of some of our banking institutions? Why was not more attention given to the subject of speculating bank officers, the hypothecation of comparatively worthless securities and the startling revelations within the last six months of defalcations and other breaches of trust in the banking business? Bankers themselves are best qualified to deal with these vexed questions. They are from the very nature of the case somewhat complex, even though the principle involved is broad and simple.

Unquestionably, the reserves of the banks should be kept larger than has usually been the case in the past; the financial ship is apt to sail too close to the wind. But this, after all, is a secondary question. The first and vital necessity is more integrity, more conscientious care, in the management of banks. The loose methods which permit of loans without due precautions and the over-certification of checks should be discontinued forthwith. It is true that under the influence of a wholesome fear of becoming insolvent the banks have for some months past shown an unusual degree of prudence in the conduct of their business, but the reforms should be at once thorough and lasting; they should go to the root of the matter.

The present method of granting loans, for example, is recognized by the bankers themselves as pernicious, and, consequently, in urgent need of reform. To lend money on one-named paper has been a growing practice for years past, though the New York banks have within the last few months generally insisted on a double indorsement. The merchants naturally like to secure their loans with as little trouble as possible, and are disposed to patronize the banks that are the least exacting in regard to the security tendered. But the only proper way to borrow is by personal application to the banker; and though such a method would undoubtedly prove rather cumbersome and slow, it could scarcely fail to keep business operations within safer limits and thus inure to the benefit of the commercial element generally.

Another suggestion that meets with some favor is to establish in this city a large central bank for the receipt of country deposits. Such an innovation might greatly increase the efficiency of the banks here, and if on careful investigation it shall be found feasible, such an institution will doubtless be established.

Still another question which has excited some interest is the growing habit among New York merchants of depositing checks on country banks as actual cash. This

subject was discussed at the Saratoga convention, bankers being well aware that this practice is detrimental to the interests not only of themselves, but of the mercantile community. Drafts alone should be accepted as cash in such transactions; otherwise the increase in the reserve of the banks is more apparent than real, and their solvency is endangered especially in a panic. In a word, everything possible should be done to promote the interests of legitimate trade and to found our banks as upon a rock.

THE DRAMA OF 1884-5.

MOST significant of the present condition of the drama in the United States is the remarkable favor with which American actors and actresses have been received in England during the current year. The rapid broadening of the British mind during the last decade has enabled the insular appreciation to come nearer to an obvious standard of justice when viewing persons and things American than has been ever before apparent. This American craze in England, epidemic as it seems to be, is, of course, somewhat overdone, and will gradually reach a conservative level; yet it is undeniable that it is salutary for our dramatic art, inspiring to our actors and authors, and altogether a happy omen for the national stage.

Much of the kindly British feeling is undoubtedly due to the manner in which Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were received here, and likewise to the friendly temper shown by our audiences towards Mrs. Langtry, although her personal movements were subjected to sharp censure on the part of the sensational press. Nor on any principle of equity can this reciprocal appreciation of the English public be deemed a movement to be abandoned as a sudden caprice. The fact is that for many years America has been the most profitable field for English actors and playwrights, and now that the turn-about has come, it is to be hoped that the standard of our acting will not be lowered. An encouraging sign, too, is the annual visit which many of our actors and actresses pay to the other side of the water, studying the best schools of the Old World, becoming acquainted with those in sympathetic fields of labor, thereby eliminating whatever is provincial in their several styles of characterization. But probably the most important result of this international contest is the founding here in the City of New York of a theatrical lyceum on the model and method of the Old World schools to teach the histrionic art in all of its details to those seeking entry to the dramatic profession. A substantial structure adjoining the Academy of Design, on Fourth Avenue, is now nearly completed, and will be opened in November for the reception of pupils. Under the control of Mr. Steele Mackaye, Mr. Augustus Frohman and Mr. Franklin Sargent, of the Madison Square Theatre, it is designed to furnish all requisite training to fit the young of both sexes for the stage. A part of the building incloses a beautiful theatre capable of seating 800 people, while in other parts of the edifice there are apartments for the several courses of instruction. This will be the most important dramatic event of the coming season.

There is a fact in connection with the drama in the United States which is unique in the art. It matters not whatever public disasters of a financial character oppress the community, new play-houses are constantly rising on every hand, and the prejudices of a generation ago against the theatre are well-nigh dead. Let us hope that the purity and elevation of the drama will keep pace with the apparent growth of its popularity.

WESTERN LAND FRAUDS.

A FAMOUS English nobleman, in whose veins the bluest blood of Europe flowed, was wont to congratulate himself on having had ancestors, eight centuries ago, who "stole so royally" that he was able to live honestly, and do some good in the world. A few centuries from now there will be not a few citizens west of the Mississippi who will owe their aristocratic ease, if recent revelations of the Land Office can be trusted, to the worldly wisdom and selfishness of their honored ancestors, now illegal possessors, or, in plain English, thieves of grazing, timber, mineral or agricultural lands. On the Pacific Coast, and throughout the Southwest, spoliation of the public territories through the manipulation of old Spanish grants, or by means of the Desert Land or the Timber Culture Acts, has laid the foundation for many a fortune, and has forced many a poor settler to become a wanderer. In New Mexico, about ninety per cent. of the land entries are fraudulent, and in Dakota full seventy-five per cent. A tabulated statement, completed recently by the Land Commissioners at Washington, shows that in Colorado alone, 2,800,000 acres of grazing lands are illegally fenced in by cattle companies; also, that 3,519 illegal land-entries have been made in the West, and 5,000 more entries remain to be investigated. Five million acres of cattle ranges are said to have been illegally fenced, and two million acres of farming lands illegally entered. Settlers are being driven away from lands they pre-empted years ago, only waiting for Government surveys to complete their purchase. There are two companies that have fenced in over a million acres apiece, and numbers of such tracts of from fifty to a hundred thousand acres. In many cases each cow-boy enters

land for his employer, perhaps a dozen times, under fictitious names.

The laws must be amended so as to prevent these cruel frauds, which rob the many to make fortunes for the few, and which render our social and industrial problems more difficult. It is Macaulay's old question: "What will you do when the public lands are exhausted?" Nor is it possible to feel encouraged to hope for any substantial return of these segregated tracts to the National domain. Half of human history could be concentrated in the statement: "The far-sighted and unscrupulous seized the common-lands, and never let go their grasp." May no future American historian be forced to add: "And they destroyed the Republic."

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

It has been said that every intelligent man is a follower of either Plato or Aristotle, so marvelously have those great minds dominated the human thought. But what would these Greek philosophers have replied to a statement that the time would come when more than one thousand philosophers and leaders of science, representing an Association fifty-three years in existence, would travel from one continent to another across three thousand miles of sea, to hold a week's session in six sections, whose proceedings would be read the next morning by the civilized world? Even Aristotle, with his noble conceptions of the universality of science, even Lord Bacon, his great successor, would have been dumb with astonishment could they have understood that in this year of grace 1884, such an assemblage would take rank as the most brilliant and important event of the year, outranking commercial, political or diplomatic gatherings, and profoundly influencing the future destinies of great nations.

The forces which most strongly operate upon the race, grow in silence for years, and so has it been with the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," last week in session at Montreal. Among its members are the most distinguished of living physicists, chemists, botanists, geologists, biologists, geographers, mathematicians, statisticians, economists, historians, anthropologists. All the men whose names are most familiar to students, and whose labors have largely made the nineteenth century what it is, are connected with this Association. The present meeting is chiefly remarkable because it is the first time that they have met beyond the borders of the British isles; and its greatest value is educational. The week's session of a thousand scientists is much; but their three months or so of travel through Canada and the United States is far more. These are the links that bind the nations of the earth together, and hasten the reign of universal peace. Sometime, perhaps, the Association will meet in the heart of India, and consecrate the temples of Benares to science, or they will plant their standards in South Africa, or in the midst of that growing English empire of Australia, whose constellation is the southern cross.

#### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF STEALING.

THE Psychology of Stealing would be an interesting topic for some man addicted to investigating the operations of the human brain. How it is that a cashier can steal a heavy amount from the bank that employs him, and spend the stolen money, not for self-indulgence, but greatly for the promotion of generous charities—this is one of the problems that puzzles our generation. Pennsylvania is the last State to produce a crooked Good Samaritan. He stole \$125,000 at his desk as cashier. "He was neither a drinking man nor a person of bad habits, and did not speculate in stocks. He was a liberal contributor to church enterprises, however, and is known to have given as high as \$2,000 in one subscription for religious purposes. He was also a liberal contributor to charitable purposes. He was a constant attendant at church." It does not by any means cover the case to say that this defaulter was a vile hypocrite, who merely used the church for the purpose of concealing his roguery; for hypocrisy implies a deep consciousness of guilt, while many defaulters of this class are open-hearted men of warm social sympathies, who are pained at the sight of suffering, and are fond of exercising secret benevolence for the relief of others. Several cases of this sort have come to light recently, in which the offenders stole the money for the very purpose of giving it away—giving it unostentatiously for the benefit of the poor and needy. There is something about corporate property that seems to convey to its custodian the idea that it doesn't belong to anybody, and to befog the mind as to the wrong of taking it. It is a curious problem—this tendency of large accumulations of money to bewitch the brain of him who handles it, and to make the real proprietors seem vague and shadowy, if not to vanish from existence altogether.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

GENERAL WOLSELEY is going to Egypt. England has concluded to send her "only general" to accomplish what General Stephenson gives up as a bad job—namely, the Sudan campaign via the Nile. This announcement opens a bright prospect for the relief of Khartoum. The commander of the Red River expedition of 1870 possesses an experience which fits him for the present undertaking as no other officer is fitted. His own confidence is shared by all concerned, and the calculation which he makes is to reach Dongola by November 7th. There is an inspirit-

ing exactitude about all of Wolseley's plans, which are usually carried out to the letter. It has now been decided to increase the force of the expedition to 7,000 men. Seven hundred of these will be Scots Royal from the Indies, and the rest chiefly troops from Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. A novel feature will be the employment of some 300 Canadian river voyageurs from the Ottawa, Quebec and St. Maurice regions, whose services the Governor-general of Canada is now enlisting for the home Government. These voyageurs are to take the flat-bottomed boats up the Nile, and make portage around the rapids. Chicago also has a hand in the preparations, a firm in that city holding a contract to supply 500,000 pounds of compressed beef for the relief expedition. Hostile tribes of Arabs still invest Suakim, where desultory fighting is going on.

Assaults upon Khartoum have been successfully repelled by General Gordon. The French Consul at that place has been ordered to remain there even in the event that General Gordon returns with the relief expedition. France is showing considerable uneasiness at the increase of the English force in Egypt, some of the papers thinking that it masks a design to stop the passage of the French through the Suez Canal in the event of an Anglo-Chinese alliance. One journal declares that if such a thing shall be attempted, France can send 51,000 troops from Algeria and Tunis to cross Tripoli and seize Cairo when so ordered. The operations of France in China are discussed on another page.

Recent advices from Madagascar say it is reported that General Miot and Colonel Laguerre have had a serious disagreement with regard to the conduct of the attack upon the Hovas, and that Laguerre refused to march his troops under Miot's orders.

Italy is now becoming the centre of the cholera plague. A number of the large towns in the north have been attacked, and the epidemic appears to be advancing upon Naples and Rome, where squalor invites it, and where superstition would lend alliance to its spread. Dispatches from Southern France report cooler temperature and a minimum of fatal cases.

Reports of the precarious condition of King Alfonso of Spain, who is suffering from a dangerous lung-disease, are accompanied by signs of renewed activity on the part of the numerous claimants to the Escurial. Ex-Queen Isabella has an eye to a possible opportunity for a *coup d'état*; ex-King Amadeo and Don Carlos move in mysterious ways; while Castelar and the Liberals stand ready to put in their claims to popular sovereignty. The complication is an interesting one, which may develop some important changes in the not distant future.

The political anarchy which is rampant in Peru, was responsible for an unusually sanguinary episode on the 27th ultimo, when the insurgent leader, Caceres, who represents the remnant of the Calderon Government of 1881, made a sudden and fierce attack upon Lima. He had a force of over 1,000 disciplined troops, and hoped by causing a popular uprising to overthrow the Government of President Iglesias. The Government troops, however, made a determined sortie, and after a hot fight in the heart of the capital, in which about one hundred persons were killed, the insurgents were beaten back and fled into the country. No destruction of the property of foreign residents is reported.

The story of the tearing down of a British flag by Germans in West Africa is discredited, but now there arises another chance for misunderstanding between the two Powers. On July 12th the Germans took formal possession of the Cameroons River, Upper Guinea, and the adjoining country. This roused great dissatisfaction among the English traders established there, who think that England should have taken the river years ago. Subsequently, as the result of a meeting of the merchants and the local kings and chiefs, the latter signed a treaty placing themselves and their dominions under British protection. It is denied that Bismarck favors a policy of colonial expansion for Germany. The German press however, continues to be markedly hostile towards the English.—The Emperor William was thrown from his horse on Thursday of last week, and although his injuries were slight, some anxiety is felt about him owing to his advanced age.

In a recent article we referred to the want of proper machinery for harvesting the cotton crop of the South. We now learn from a Charleston correspondent that this want is likely to be soon supplied. Experiments recently made with a machine of the Cotton Harvester Company seem to justify the belief that it will do the work expected of it, but further tests are to be made under the auspices of the Director-general of the World's Exposition, and if any defect shall be found it will be at once remedied. Our correspondent says: "If these experiments shall prove as satisfactory as those already had in this State, the company will proceed at once to manufacture as many machines as possible for this crop. The production of a perfect machine for this work will mark a new era in the history of the cotton industry of the South."

THERE is a loose-hinged spectacular melodrama extant, called "Storm-beaten," and the authorship of which is charged to Robert Buchanan. One of its scenes represents an Arctic rescue. Into this scene the managers of the piece have interjected four or five real survivors of the Greely expedition, together with some real members of Commander Schley's rescuing party. These men have no part in the plot or dialogue, but simply come on and show themselves in the sealskin clothes provided by a thoughtful and beneficent Government. The innovation may "draw" for a time, and doubtless will put money into the purses of the remnants of the Cape Sabine colony; but it is scarcely creditable to them, or to the stage. The dime museum is the proper place for such exhibitions. When managers attempt to pull a play through by dragging living curiosities upon the stage, they must be content to share the fame of Dickens's Vincent Crummies, in "Nickelby."

THE commission of scientists appointed last May by the French Government to examine into and report upon the results of M. Pasteur's experiments with inoculation for rabies, has handed in a report which entirely sustains the great investigator. Years of patient labor have reduced his theories to facts, and the terrible disease of hydrophobia is vanquished, so far as rendering animals refractory to it is concerned. M. Pasteur's great theory, as has frequently been explained, is based upon the evolution of rabid microbes by a series of successive inoculations, commencing with animals most susceptible to the disease, such as the monkey and the guinea-pig, and passing through cats, dogs and rabbits back to the guinea-pig and the monkey, the virulence of the virus becoming attenuated with each subject, until finally it becomes not only innocuous, but absolutely preventive. How thorough the experiments have been, and how conclusive the results of the tests applied, may be seen from the fact that in no less than twenty-three instances dogs which had gone mad naturally in the streets were allowed to bite both vaccinated and non-vaccinated dogs. The result was invariably that the former failed to exhibit a single symptom of hydrophobia, while the latter succumbed. The story of

the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, to the effect that a human subject has been experimented upon with perfect success, is interesting, though not officially confirmed. It has not yet been demonstrated, although M. Pasteur believes, that the inoculation is quite harmless to the health of the subject. It also remains to be seen whether or not an unvaccinated individual who has been bitten by a mad dog may be cured by M. Pasteur's method. Enough has been proven, however, to deprive the malady of rabies of its mysterious terrors, and to place it definitely under the control of science.

THE naval parade at Newport was a pretty exhibition, and it shows to the nations of the world what America can do in marine warfare in time of peace. It will probably be taken as a warning. At the same time, we ought to be profoundly grateful that France pounced upon China instead of pouncing upon us. She had exactly as good a reason for picking a sudden quarrel with us as with China; and if she had done so, and had demanded \$500,000,000 as the price of peace, we should have had to pay it. We are as powerless upon the sea as China is, and we could not protect New York for a week against an attack by the French navy. Peace is generally better than war, but a nation that has any self-respect ought to be able to choose between the two. America has no option in the matter. With such cities as New York and Boston exposed to first-class ironclads, we must have peace at any price. Was that a parliament of Europeans that met in Washington last Winter and refused to strengthen our impotent navy?

A MEETING of Italians was held in this city recently in reference to a proposed monument to Garibaldi. General Daniel E. Sickles was present, and made an address in English. A gentleman from Washington, Signor Verdi, modestly asked that the New York contributions be handed over to the Washington colony so as to have the monument erected there. As might be expected, this gave rise to a storm of indignation and impassioned oratory. Signor Turini offered to make a life-size model of Garibaldi for nothing provided the monument be in New York. Finally, a committee was appointed empowered to receive moneys and take steps to have the memorial carried out in Washington. It consisted of M. Martinelli, President; R. P. Jaunaron, Secretary; Salvatore Cantoni and the heads of the twenty various Italian societies in America, Vice-presidents. A model for the monument, in plaster, by Signor L. Amateis, sculptor, was exhibited during the evening, and despite considerable diversity of opinion, good temper prevailed at the conclusion of the meeting.

WHILE American bank officials of one grade and another, who have stolen everything they could lay their hands upon, are living at their ease across the Canada line and doing the "grand tour" of Europe with luxurious comfort, similar offenders in France seem to find the conditions of life, and the penalties of dishonesty, much more severe and disagreeable. Only last week, a former Deputy Under Secretary of State, who had been a director of the Bank of Lyons, which failed some three years ago, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of twenty thousand francs, and to suffer for ten years a suspension of his civil and political rights. At the same time the manager of the bank was sentenced to five months in prison and to pay a fine of eight thousand francs, while other offending officials were sentenced to terms of imprisonment and subjected to fines corresponding to the gravity of their offenses. If a little of this sort of justice could only be applied to like offenders here, our prison population would be very sensibly reinforced, while the community at large would be given a sense of security which is now altogether wanting.

THE result of the election in Maine, which will take place on the 8th of September, will be awaited by both parties with a great deal of interest. Four years ago, the Republicans lost the State in the September election, but two months later Garfield carried it by nearly 9,000 majority over Hancock. As the home State of the Republican candidate for President, it is natural to expect that the State ticket will this year be chosen by a pronounced majority, which in November will be largely increased. Should it turn out to be otherwise—should the majority, next week, fall below (say) 8,000, the result would quite certainly be regarded by the country at large as a serious set-back to the Republican canvass, and as disproving entirely the confident claims as to Mr. Blaine's popularity. A reduction of the majority to 5,000 or 6,000 might prove fatal to the Republican cause in the disastrous influence which such a fact would exert in the close and doubtful States. Both parties apparently appreciate the importance of securing a favorable verdict in the State; and whatever may be the result, neither will be at liberty to dispute its significance as a real test of party strength.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THE trunk line railroads are again "cutting rates," the reductions on freight being from 20 to 50 per cent.

A TERRIFIC cyclone swept over Manitoba last week, doing great damage to property. Houses, churches, and other buildings were blown down, and a number of persons were severely injured.

LIEUTENANT GREELY is visiting Montreal as the guest of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. A dinner has been given him at the Windsor Hotel by the principal members of the Geographical Section of the Association.

MR. HENDRICKS has written a letter opposing the withdrawal of Governor Cleveland from the Democratic National ticket on account of what is called "the Buffalo scandal." Governor Cleveland has returned to Albany from the Adirondacks, after a fortnight's vacation.

A CAR of the train transporting Orton's Anglo-American Circus over the Greeley, Salt Lake and Pacific Railroad, took fire near Greeley, Col., on the night of the 28th ultimo. Sixty men were in the car, several of whom perished in the flames, while a large number sustained severe injuries.

THE Nebraska Republicans have nominated Governor Dawes for re-election. In Michigan the Prohibitionists have nominated a full State ticket, headed by Daniel Preston for Governor. In Iowa the Democrats and Greenbackers have agreed upon a fusion electoral ticket. In Wisconsin the Greenbackers and Anti-Monopolists have nominated a full State ticket.

##### FOREIGN.

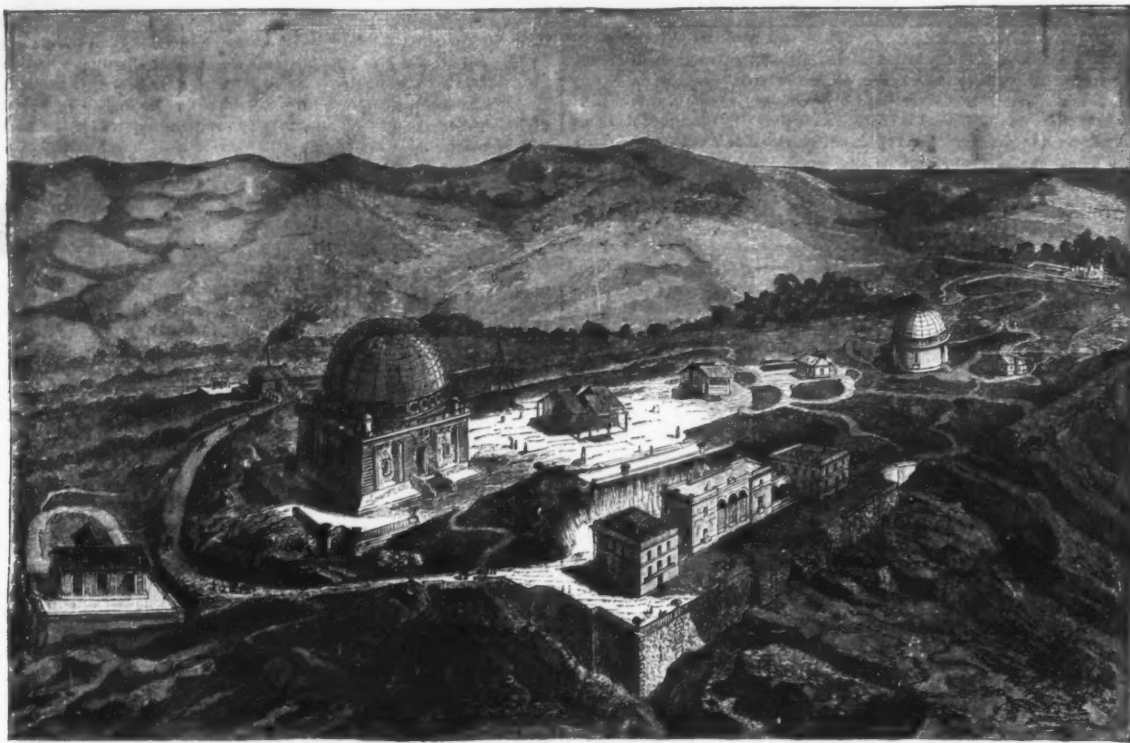
MR. ALPHONSO TAFT, the new American Minister to Russia, has arrived at St. Petersburg from Vienna.

FRAUDS amounting to £80,000 have been discovered in the Egyptian Ministry of Finance. Foreign officials of high standing are implicated in them.

FIVE HUNDRED Mormon emigrants sailed from Liverpool last week for New York. The total Mormon emigration so far this season amounts to about 25,000.

THE City of London was startled last week by a report of the death of the Queen. The story had no better foundation than the fact that the Queen had suffered a fainting fit, caused, it was supposed, by the excessive heat.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



FRANCE.—THE NEW OBSERVATORY AT NICE.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE LATE SIR ERASMUS WILSON, THE EMINENT PHILANTHROPIST.



ARABIA.—A SCHOOL IN THE COURT OF A MOSQUE.



ADMIRAL COURBET, COMMANDING THE FRENCH NAVAL FORCES IN CHINA.



AFRICA.—THE NEW SENEGAL RAILROAD — MERCHANDISE DEPOT AT DAKAR.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT CONEY ISLAND.

THE joys and fascinations of a provincial's day at Coney Island culminate in the tin-type which is framed and hung up in the country homestead as a souvenir of the wondrous day in that wondrous place. Having done the elephant, and the toboggan, and the merry-go-round, and the fat lady, and the skeleton gentleman, and the learned pig, the seductions of the tin-type *tout* come into play, and the magic words, "Take the 'ole family in a group for a quarter" settles the business. The happy father strikes an attitude,

emerge from the hot marquee still examining the tin-type, and looking a little abashed at having been done in a group for a quarter.

NAVAL EXERCISES OFF NEWPORT, R. I.

THE naval exercises of the North Atlantic Squadron, off Newport, R. I., last week, were more than ordinarily brilliant and attractive. The presence of President Arthur, Secretary Chandler, and a number of distinguished officials representing various departments of the Government, together

proceeded to torpedo practice, passing in columns to the southward and exploding torpedoes on the starboard side, and subsequently coming up and exploding those on the port side. Buoys made up of light barrels, the most difficult to destroy, were placed between the squadron and the *Dispatch* and the *Albatross*, so that the explosions, which were very successful, were in full view of all on board those ships. The explosions sent large volumes of water over the ships, and there were lively movements to get under shelter.

On the following day the exercises took place at the torpedo station. At the hour fixed for the land-

the sun playing upon them produced some brilliant prismatic effects. As one column descended, another rose up to take its place and so on to the end. Later in the day, the visitors witnessed the blowing up of the hulk of the Government steamer *Joseph Henry* lying near the shore. The launch *Ripple*, used in the operation, was controlled by electricity, and was fitted with an ingenious device in the shape of an electric clock, the invention of Lieutenant McLean, the American delegate to the Electrical Congress at Vienna and Paris. On the launch an explosive torpedo of a hundred pounds of gun-cotton was run out, and the boom sunk about ten



PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE SEASIDE—A FAMILY GROUP.

the happy mother smiles all over, the children are cuffed into imposing attitudes, and, long ere the operator is ready to take the likeness, are the worthy sitters in a condition of staring idiocy. Papa gazes sternly into space, his helpmate wears the sickliest of smiles, extending her mouth across her entire face, while the eyes of the youngsters start from their sockets. Ah! what a sigh of relief as the operator releases his subjects, and what expressions of small dissatisfaction when the result comes to be criticised. "Never done so good a likeness since I was born!" cries the artist. "You'll take two, of course? They'll do us credit. Please take my card." The provincials

with several ladies, added to the interest and *clat* of the occasion. On Wednesday, the 27th, the exercises took place at the extreme north end of Conanicut Island, whither the squadron proceeded from Newport shortly before ten o'clock. An hour later, the *Dispatch*, with President Arthur, and the *Albatross*, with Secretary Chandler, arrived up the bay, and the squadron passed in review as a column of ships. Passing to the southward, they turned to the eastward, and once more proceeding to the north, came into line—the latter movement exciting much admiration—and approached the vessels on which were the head of the nation and the chief of the department. The squadron then

ing of the President at the station, every available point of vantage along the shore was occupied by a deep fringe of anxious spectators, while on the waters of the harbor itself were innumerable small craft of all sorts and kinds laden with men and women, darting hither and thither wherever anything was to be seen. On landing from the *Dispatch* the President was received by a salute of twenty-one torpedoes which had been laid down in a straight line some sixty feet from the shore. As the salute was fired the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." As each torpedo was exploded the water rose to a great height, forming beautiful cascades of silver spray, and the beams of

feet away. She was sent and steered from shore by a single wire. She went directly to the wreck in a straight line, but, the torpedo being too low, it failed to strike. The second experiment, however, was a splendid success, as the torpedo struck the hull directly amidships, and the old wreck was sent flying in splinters in every direction. This closed the exercises for the day.

THE CHOLERA SCARE ABROAD.

THE appearance of cholera at Arles, in France, has produced the same extraordinary phenomena as at the other towns. The Prefect could not

even a chop at the sub-prefecture, the butchers having all fled, and two doctors from Marseilles, having put up at the chief hotel, were offered the keys by the proprietor, with the words: "I am going; do the best you can." One of the greatest difficulties in meeting the plague grows out of the insensate fears and the extraordinary ignorance and superstition of the poorer people. One of the fugitives from Arles having died at St. Marie, a village celebrated for its miraculous cures, the population drove out fugitives who were perfectly healthy. In Marseilles the poor are firmly convinced that the physicians are determined to keep up the epidemic. They force them to take their own medicines first before touching them. They sometimes shut the doors in their faces, and in one case threatened them with knives. The Italian colonies in France carry off the palm, as usual, for obstinate folly. In a village where there are a number of fishermen, disinfectants supplied by the doctors are thrown out of the windows, doctors are afraid to enter the houses on account of the hostility of the inhabitants, and though there are already several cases of cholera, neither prayers nor threats can avail anything. Indeed, the Prefect, wishing to visit the place, had to ask the intervention of the Italian Consul.

#### THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

HERE let me dream, for beauty's spell  
Is o'er me, yet I fain would tell,  
Of Nature's loveliness up here,  
At this most witching time of year,  
When hill and mountain, wood and wold,  
Are clothed in crimson and in gold.  
Here, too, the charm of sunset skies,  
The power of pen, or brush defies,  
For Sol, the glorious King of day,  
Sinks to his rest in such array  
Of gorgeous beauty, that the sight  
Fills the beholder with delight.

Now 'tis the evening's quiet hour,  
I look abroad, a golden shower  
Has bathed the scene that meets the eye,  
The fields in sleeping beauty lie,  
And o'er the lake yon harvest moon  
Throws her bright beams, like diamonds strewn.

The mountain tops that she hath kissed  
Are gleaming through the silver mist,  
Harvest's sweet breath is on the air,  
And peace and beauty everywhere,  
Above, below, where'er I turn,  
A smile of God I can discern.

But Summer is about to die,  
And maple, beech, and sumach vie  
To do her honor, as she goes  
To lay her down in sweet repose,  
Like soldiers gay on dress parade  
They stand in ranks, while undismayed  
Their Queen, in plenitude of charms,  
Goes forth to meet Death's waiting arms.  
Yes, Summer is more glorious far,  
When riding in her funeral car,  
Than when she came a blushing bride,  
Tender and sweet, and tearful eyed.

E. B. F.

Schroon Lake, Adirondack Mountains.

#### IN HONOR BOUND.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

AN hour ago the tide of battle rolled through the valley, and the ranks "were rolled in vapor and the winds were laid with sound." Now the French are in full retreat, and the foe following them as best they can. A young man hurrying along the dusty road stops suddenly, hearing a shot whiz by him. He turns in time to see two men fall heavily in the white dust. Then a faint voice calls out:

"He is dead, Gaston! Wait—I—"

The voice ceased, but Gaston La Farge knew it well, and his heart seemed suddenly to stop beating as he heard it. He sprang back to the side of the fallen man, who opened his weary eyes as Gaston clasped his hand.

"Is it possible, Rafe?"

"Yes," said the wounded man. "I was just in time, dear old boy. He would have picked you off in another second."

"And you saved me?"

"So, we are even now. You know when you plunged in the Seine for me the day I took a cramp in the water. We were only boys then, but I never—I never—" and the speaker fainted away.

Gaston lifted him from the dust, and, with much exertion, bore him for some distance down a green lane. He thought there must be a stream near by a line of dense verdure that he saw in the waning light. He found the water, and brought it in his cap to bathe the wound. Then he took out a pocket-flask and forced some drops of brandy between the set teeth. With a shuddering sigh, Rafe opened his eyes.

"Oh, you have brought me back. I was with Claire," he murmured. "Poor Claire! she will be sorry. You must tell her."

"Tell her?" exclaimed Gaston.

"How I died," faltered the other.

"No, no! You are not going to die!" cried Gaston, aghast at the thought. "Let me go and find a surgeon. How could I live and know that you died for me? Why did you risk your life in this way? You have a young wife waiting for you."

"And you have a mother," murmured Rafe. "We cannot weigh such things. Perhaps if I had thought of Claire it would have made a coward of me. You never saw her, Gaston, or you would know she is one for whom a man might barter his soul. You were off with your regiment, dear old boy, or you would have been best-man, you know."

"I know," said Gaston, half-choked by his emotions, and still bathing the brow of his friend. It seemed to grow colder and colder, and the temples throbbed in slow beats irregularly.

"You must not leave me," Rafe went on, clutching his friend's hand. "I have something to say to you. Ah, what is that?" he said, with a shudder, pointing to an apparition that seemed to

stand up a few yards off. "There is some one listening!"

Gaston peered through the gloaming light, and saw a strange figure that shone forth with a ghostly gleam in the shadows. It wore no uniform or clothing of any earthly fashion. The arms were extended and bare. The limbs, straight and rigid, did not touch the ground, and upon the white brow rested the semblance of a kingly crown. In an instant the truth flashed upon him. It was a wayside shrine. The white presence was a carved image of the Man of Sorrows. The shadowy crown was one of thorns.

"Dear Rafe," he whispered, "it is no human ear that listens. It is a Christ on the cross, don't you know, like the one near your home at Medun, where we swore eternal friendship to each other before we went to college. You have kept your oath—oh, too well, my dear boy!"

"Take me there, move me there, in the shadow of the cross," he faltered. "Now I want you to swear something to me, and you must keep your vow as I have kept mine."

Gaston said no word, but once more raised his friend in his arms. He felt his heart beating like a muffled drum, but it seemed to stop suddenly as he put him down at the very foot of the rudely-cut cross. In the gloaming, the Christ above them seemed to be extending His arms to bless them. Once more a few drops of brandy brought the color back to Rafe's face. He cast an upward glance at the cross and murmured, "He hears us!"

"Don't think it delirium," he said; "I have my senses yet. I know they will slip away from me in a little while into utter darkness, so I must make haste. You must listen. You must promise to do what I shall say—all—do you swear it?"

"Of course," answered Gaston, eagerly; "you could not ask anything of me that I would not do. But you will live to do all for yourself."

"No; they say it is given to mortals to know when the supreme hour approaches, and I cannot be deceived!" Rafe said. "So you will promise?"

"Yes."

"You will swear it—by the Christ upon the cross?"

"If that will make my oath stronger, I will swear it!" exclaimed Gaston.

The wounded man paused a moment, and his breath came hard. Then a new strength came to him. The blood kindled in his veins, the pulses of life beat fuller and higher, and something of the old fire came into his eyes. "Such brightness dying suns diffuse," Gaston took heart from the change. All might be well yet.

Rafe began talking hurriedly.

"I've never told you much of her. I could not speak of the insane passion I feel for her. You would not understand. She does not understand it herself. I have never been able to reach the depths of her nature. She thinks she loves me, poor child! But, now, I cannot die with the thought that another will ever have my place; that some one else may win her as I never won her; may know how she can love—take such kisses from her lips as I never found there. Oh—"

"Why vex yourself with these thoughts?" interrupted Gaston.

"Because I could not be happy even among the blest in heaven if I knew it," cried Rafe, with a passionate strength, "and I would know it. The knowledge would penetrate through all the countless leagues of space, and reach my soul whether I was in bliss or torture. Tell Claire all this. Let her say no prayers for the peace of my soul if she dares to think of another. And you, you have sworn you did not know what I wanted you to do, but you have sworn it by the white Christ above us!"

Gaston feared that his friend's reason was tottering, for these last words were in a wild and threatening tone. He felt a strange sort of chill creeping into his blood, as he said:

"Yes; I have sworn."

"You will tell Claire all, and if she ever thinks of marrying another, you will prevent it."

"I will do all I can," murmured Gaston, with a shudder.

"You must prevent it!" echoed Rafe.

"But how?"

Rafe murmured something unintelligible. Gaston bent down his ear to hear him speak. These words came to him clear, low and distinct:

"If there is no other way, you must kill the man!"

Gaston started back with a cry.

"But that would be murder. I cannot be an assassin!"

"You can make it a duel," said Rafe, faintly.

"You will do it, for you have sworn."

Gaston fell back as if he had been struck by a blow; all his senses reeled. What madness was this to which he had pledged himself in such a solemn way? A moan from his friend aroused him.

"Quick!" gasped Rafe, as though he were wrestling with some unseen power that was hurrying him away; "there is no time to lose. Have I given my life for you, and you hesitate to risk anything for me, to give me peace in this dark hour? I leave my darling for ever, and you, you are the cause. Speak! she must be mine in eternity! Speak!"

"I will keep the vow," said Gaston, with slow and painful utterance; "be at peace, my friend."

A faint smile came to the lips of the dying man. A wan moon drifted out from a dim cloud and threw a pallid light upon his face. It showed the gray shadow of death settling there, and the infinite love and pity of the white Christ on the cross above him. Gaston buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

There was a riot of roses in that garden. The dusty, travel-stained man who made his way through them noticed how luxuriantly they had wandered about while he had been away. Twilight was coming on, but the roses made a glow

in the green gloom. He heard a sound of gay voices, too, and a laugh so fresh and young and joyous that it made him start as if smitten with a sudden pain. He had not laughed since a certain night, when he had seen the dead body of his friend borne away. A turn in the path brings a gray-stone balcony in sight, and the next moment some one seated there starts with a cry of joy.

"Oh, my son! my son!"

His mother's arms are about him, and something like a tear touches his sunburnt cheek.

"Oh, Gaston, you look haggard and changed! You have lost your youth."

"Such scenes make men old, mother," said the young soldier. "Don't speak of the war just yet. I want to rest for a little to get courage for a task. I am so glad you are not alone. I heard voices and laughter."

"Yes, Merle is here." In a lower tone, "I know you don't like him, and he is really more insufferable than ever with his conceit, but he's full of fun, and the place was so lonely without you. Then, I have a surprise for you. I knew how you loved Rafe, so I went over two or three weeks ago to see his wife. She's a pretty little thing, and seemed moped. I brought her here for a change. It has done her good, and she's as merry as a cricket. I'll call her, you can give her news of Rafe."

"His wife!" faltered Gaston, stunned at the news; "his wife here?"

"Of course, nothing more natural. We moaned our lot together. At least, I'm afraid I did the most of the moaning. She is not the moaning kind. She's like a day in June, all blossom and sunshine, and song."

Gaston sat down in a rustic seat on the balcony, and his mother's voice sounded far off. He felt the weight of his mission upon him.

"But you need not see either of them till you are rested, poor boy," his mother said, eagerly, looking at the haggard face. And then she had the keen pleasure of waiting on her darling, making him eat, seeing him enjoy the old room of his boyhood, and telling him all about her life since he went.

"Now, I must go to Claire," she said; "it's selfish in me not to go and give her the good news. I suppose Rafe will soon be here. Why didn't you come together?"

A look of pain came into Gaston's face that made his mother cry out: "Why, he's not ill, is he?"

"No, he's well; better than any of us. He'll never be ill again. Oh, mother, he's dead! Dear old Rafe's gone, and I wish I had gone instead! He took my shot. He went in my place. How can I face his wife and tell her the story. She will hate me when she knows all!"

The tears came into Madame La Farge's eyes.

"No, Gaston, do not think so. It is terrible news, but Claire could not be so unjust as to regard you with dislike for it. Shall I tell her?"

"No, I promised," exclaimed Gaston. "I must do all poor Rafe asked, since he gave his life for me!"

"Well, wait awhile. Don't be in a hurry with the evil tidings. Poor Claire is so happy, she does not feel a fear."

"So happy," said Gaston, "and her husband away exposed to the peril of war!"

"She has not a deep nature, you know, but I won't tell you of her. I don't want to judge her. Only rest, my boy, you look too wan and miserable."

And Gaston was fain to throw himself back on the lounge and close his aching eyes. But he could not rest. He had a terrible task before him, and he spent the time in devising ways of telling his sad tidings. Once voices floated up to him. His cousin Merle's somewhat high pitched tones: "Fain would I climb, yet fear to fall."

"If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all," rang out in the fresh girlish voice. Looking out, he saw something pink, like a very large rose perched on the bough of a tree not far off.

"A hoyden," he thought, with disgust, and somehow the sight made the task easier. He forgot all about the disgust when he was presented to the pretty slim girl, who looked so flower-like in her pale pink gown. Surely, whatever she did was the most fitting and proper to do. She moved, he thought, as if her motions were modulated to an unseen harmony. She had wine-dark eyes, that seemed to hold all the warmth and glow and sparkle of wine in their depths. Her dark hair was wound carelessly about her head, and a cluster of white daisies shone out like stars in the bronze coils. A great bunch of them was at her waist.

That was all Gaston noted as he began to talk to her. He saw a tide of crimson rush over her face, leaving it pallid as it ebbed away, and he knew that somehow he had told his tale. His mother was at hand to help, but Claire did not faint; she looked hurt, puzzled, as a child might from whom a cherished plaything had been taken. Tears came into her eyes, but no sudden storm of them. The grief did not shake her being to its centre. She was shocked, sorry, but there was still a world of sunshine, and birds and flowers. This blow did not darken all the landscape of her life.

"She never loved him," said Gaston to himself, as he stood in his room alone that night.

And somehow, strange to say, he did not feel sorry! He woke next morning, still feeling low and miserable, and with so little interest in life that his mother summoned a physician. By his verdict he was dispatched to Trouville; and as soon as he was better he went into active service again till the war ended. He sought the seaport once more to renew his strength, and his mother wrote that she would meet him there.

"I shall bring Claire," she said; "not that she is drooping at all, for she has bloomed into newer and more glowing beauty since you saw her. I knew she was one who would not pine long. She wears white now, and looks more like a young

bride than a bereaved widow. Ah, well, she was but eighteen when the blow came, and life had not yet opened its bright possibilities for her. Sometimes I think that Merle— But I won't gossip."

Gaston read this letter on the gay Trouville beach; but for a moment the white sand, the bathers in their bright suits, the Japanese umbrellas that looked so much like green exotics stuck in the sand, all seemed to float away, and he saw the dim green lane, the pallid moonlight that fell on the face of the man who died for him, with the carved image of that other friend who died for all mankind gleam in the white light above them!

"Oh, Rafe!—oh, my friend!" he moaned; "is the hour coming for the sacrifice? Why did I not warn her, tell her his dying words? It might have influenced her. I hope, I pray, it may not be too late!"

For Gaston had given the young widow no hint of her husband's dying agony, nor the love that gave the keenest sting to death. Merle, too! It could not be possible that Claire's heart was very deeply touched by that jackanapes. Surely, any feeling he had inspired would be light and easily overcome. He took courage from the thought. Perhaps Merle had been useful in keeping her safe from a more serious passion. Still he grew wretched, and his mother looked at him with anxiety as the days passed by.

"You must stay in the water too long," she said, anxiously. "I don't like your looks."

"Nor I," said Gaston, with a laugh; "I never did."

Claire stood regarding him with a puzzled air. She was bewitching in black lace and white roses.

"I think he's in love," said Merle, removing his silver head for this sapient remark. "Goes that way with some fellows. He looks off his feed."

Gaston did not feel his old impatience with his cousin. He had an infinite pity for everybody—for Claire first, for the silly moth who was singeing his wings at this new flame, but most of all for himself, who had been made a sort of fate for them both. Claire watched him with curiosity, and with an inborn coquetry tried her power on him. His indifference baffled her, and she began to put heart in her work. One afternoon she happened upon him as he sat moodily in the shelter of a rock. She was alone, and with a throbbing heart he saw his opportunity.

"You look as gloomy as a November day!" she cried, gayly.

"I am thinking of something very sad, something that haunts me," he said, gravely.

"Oh, put it away; get away from it somehow!" she cried; "I always do."

"So I see," he answered, with a shade of bitterness in his tone.

"I know what you mean," she answered, with a mutinous air, "you are thinking of poor Rafe! Did you expect me to sit in dust and ashes all the rest of my life? I am too young. He would not have wished it."

"I have never dared to tell you his wishes," said Gaston.

"You did not?" she cried, with an angry flush; "then you were a false friend!"

"I hope it is not yet too late," answered Gaston, with an effort, "and that I have not made them harder for you by this delay."

"Well," impatiently, "I am waiting."

He looked at her with sombre eyes. She was all in white, a charming picture of youth and hope and life. Must he dash this new cup of love from her hand and darken all her future? Oh, how gladly would he give her all the good gifts that life and love could offer.

"Speak!" she cried. "Are you afraid?"

"Yes; I am the veriest coward," he said, in a broken voice, "but—I promised, Rafe. You know his love for you. I vowed I would give you his dying words."

"It is late now for dying words," she said, "but let me hear them."

"He said that he could not be happy in heaven if you should come to love another. He would know it; the knowledge would penetrate through all the leagues of space and reach his soul whether he was in bliss or torment. And he made me swear by the Christ on the cross above us, to do all I could to prevent you marrying any man."

"Good heavens!" cried Claire, in a sudden passion; "how cruel and selfish."

Gaston was silent.

"Such vows should not be kept," she cried. "Let us believe that he was raving. I cannot think Rafe would be so intensely selfish as to wish me to spend my days in mourning. But if he did, it is impossible. I am too human," and she looked at Gaston with her gloomy eyes.

Gaston's heart failed him. He could not plead for his friend. "So," he said, "it is Merle!"

"No," she said, smiling, "it is not Merle."

Then, turning suddenly, she slipped on the wet sand.

The next moment his arms were about her, her head lay on his breast, and he was saying, softly: "My darling, are you mine?" It was a moment of delirium that passed too swiftly. He steadied himself, and put her away from him with shaking hands. He felt as if a ghost were pushing them apart. "No, no," he faltered; "it cannot be!"

She clung to him with pleading eyes. "I love you!" she cried. "I never loved another. If you cast me aside, I will throw myself into the sea. You will have my death on your soul. Do not think of poor Rafe's delirium. He is at peace now. Our happiness will never break in on that eternal bliss. God does not permit such things. Oh, my beloved, why may we not be happy, too?"

Would Gaston have been human if he could have resisted those tender arms?

The leaves were turning in the frost, and the scattered gold of the ruined woodland drove through the air. In Claire's heart it was Spring,

and the blossoms bloomed and the birds sang continually. The wedding was to be in Gaston's home, for she was alone in the world. The grand old rooms were bright with flowers. The bridal-chamber was fragrant with pure white lilac and snowy roses. Gaston, glancing into it on his wedding-day, shuddered as if with a chill. The bed, so heaped with snowy draperies, looked like a grave under snowdrifts. He would not have felt surprised to see starting from it a ghastly spectre—to have felt a skeleton hand on his shoulder, and to have heard a voice crying, "Remember thy vow!" Gaston had changed painfully in the last three months. He looks like a haunted man. He lives in a world of shadows, and hears voices from the spirit land, and sees shadowy, beckoning hands. The sunshine on his wedding day does not warm his heart. "Ah, suns may shine and we be cold," Have we not all learned that lesson?

Somehow in his restless mood the house oppresses him. He is ready for the bride, but the time is not yet. He knows she is in the hands of her maid, and that his mother lingers fondly near her. Somehow he cannot face the guests just yet. He steals out a side-door, and breathes freer in the crisp air. The woods are gorgeous in their tints, and look like huge bouquets—bridal bouquets offered by nature for his wedding. Poor little Claire! would she mourn for him if chance or fate should take him off? He grows chill at the thought. Has he not seen fate beckoning him day by day? What was the vow he swore? He heard his friend's dying tones for ever! They had blended with Claire's sweetest love-words!

"Thou must kill the man!"

Lie had cheated Rafe into happiness in his last moments. His last words to the friend that died for him had been a lie, and now the lie weighed him to the earth. He scarcely knew where his steps led him, but stopping at last he looked about him, and uttered a cry. The face, so divine in suffering, so human in its love, was there—a Christ on the cross!—the same, the very same as that beneath which Rafe had sworn eternal friendship in his boyhood.

"Oh, friend of sinners, forgive!" he cried. "I will keep my vow!"

Claire's merry tones rang out as she gazed at her bridal gown.

"I look like an early frost," she said; for the lace was thickly sewn with seed-pearls. "Call Gaston, and let him see me before I go down. I don't want to dazzle him suddenly."

They sought the bridegroom everywhere, while Claire grew as white and cold as the seed-pearls that gleamed like frost on her gown. The very current of her being seemed to freeze as if she had been indeed struck by an untimely frost. After a while she would wait in silence no longer. She joined the frenzied seekers, who were hurrying over the grounds, and it so happened that she came upon Gaston first of all, lying prone at the foot of the cross, a shot through his temple, and a dye deeper than the crimson stains of Autumn pouring out on the leaves and grass beneath him. He had kept his vow.

## THE FRANCO-CHINESE WAR.

### FOO-CHOW AND ITS ARSENAL.

FOO-CHOW, the Chinese city which the French have bombarded into sudden notice, is not one of those straggling collections of bamboo huts with which the recent pictures of Tonquinese towns have made us familiar, but a handsome, well-built and highly civilized place, with a population nearly equal in number to that of New York. It is beautifully situated on a plain where the River Min, twenty-five miles above its mouth, broadens into a fine harbor, and is surrounded by an amphitheatre of temple-dotted hills. It is 420 miles northeast of Canton, and 375 miles southwest of Shanghai. The Min is the Hudson of China, and is navigable for 250 miles. It is the home of some 50,000 boatmen and fishermen, who live in floating villages, and make a good living by selling sharks' fins, birds' nest soup, devilfish, dragonfish, gourami, seaworm, greenfish, and many other species of fish.

Foo-Chow is well-paved with granite blocks, and most of the streets are kept remarkably clean, for China, besides being lighted with gas and electric lights. The drainage is also admirable, considering that the city is built on a spacious, level plain, and is even to-day liable to be inundated by the Spring torrents. For this reason the city walls are built of extraordinary strength, and the gates in them are few and small. When a heavy flood comes the gates can be blocked up with banks of earth in a few minutes and the city made waterproof. There is never much danger of a famine, as the food supply is largely furnished by boats. The city could certainly hold out for many months. There are many fine buildings, a great number of temples, and towers and pagodas everywhere. A bridge, covered with shops like the Rialto of Venice, and crossing the Min, is over 800 years old.

Foo-Chow is a great Chinese literary centre, and supports several thousand students and "poor scholars" engaged in teaching and other scholastic pursuits. It is the depot of a famous tea-growing district, and has numerous manufactories. Among its products are paper, cotton, porcelain, salted and dried pork, meats, fish and shell-fish, gelatine, glue, spices, tobacco, glass, potash, lead, sweet-meats, copper, bronze and steel. It is also the centre of the Yu-Nung mining country, which extends for 150 miles, and which is fairly rich in veins of lead, silver and copper ore and in excellent iron beds. Its imports of opium, foodstuffs and foreign goods are very large.

The arsenal, of which we give an illustration, and which has succumbed to the guns of Admiral Courbet, was the pride of Foo-Chow, and one of the military and naval strongholds of China. It was situated on the Min, in a suburb about three miles below the city, and was very similar to Woolwich in England. It was started in 1851, but was of slight account until 1866, when the Government changed its policy and began to employ foreign talent in its naval and military affairs. "Chinese" Gordon made several plans for it, and approved of many others. The entire control of the works was given to English, French and American engineers, constructors, forge masters, machinists and metal workers, and their services were

rewarded by large salaries. The best machinery and the latest inventions were purchased and placed in the shops, and an immense quantity of munitions of war was accumulated. The extent of the works can be judged from the fact that the number of natives employed has varied from 500 to 3,000, and of Europeans from 40 to 100.

The official report of Admiral Courbet says that the bombardment, in which eight French vessels and two torpedo boats took part, began on Saturday, the 23d ultimo, and that in four hours nine Chinese men-of-war and twelve junks were sunk and the Krupp battery commanding the arsenal was silenced. The French loss was six killed and twenty-seven wounded. The Chinese loss was fearfully heavy in proportion, numbering, it is estimated, 1,000 killed and 3,000 wounded.

During last week the numerous fortifications on the Min River between its mouth and Foo-Chow were attacked, and at first made successful resistance. The White Fort once repulsed the ironclads, and the forts at the Kimpai Pass showed gallant fight. But the superiority of the French gunners soon began to tell on the works. Gun after gun was dislodged and shell after shell entered the forts, until finally the Chinese became demoralized at the sight of the destruction going on and fled from the fortresses, leaving everything behind them. Admiral Courbet then directed his attention to the forts higher up the river and made short work of them, as the Chinese garrisons had become panic-stricken at the sight and fire of the French fleet and hastily abandoned the defenses, leaving the French masters of the whole line of fortifications on the Min River up to the arsenal.

The effect of the bombardment is felt all along the eastern coast of China. The French Consul, bishop, missionaries and merchants have been obliged to quit Canton for Hong Kong, and there is considerable excitement in the latter place.

China has received a staggering blow in the loss of her great arsenal, her fleet, the Min River forts, and Kelung. Whether she will pay her indemnity and sue for peace, or go desperately on with the war, cannot yet be decided. The report that a vast horde of Chinese troops had swept down upon Tonquin and massacred the French forces there, happily proves to have had no other foundation than that General Millot lost four men while repulsing pirates and black flags who pillaged villages along the Red River and massacred the inhabitants. The French garrison at Sontay and Hong-Hoa, with the aid of the gunboats, General Millot states, succeeded in driving them into the mountains. Meanwhile, 2,500 troops have been placed in readiness to proceed to Tonquin if required.

If the French intend to follow up their devastating success at Foo-Chow, the scene of war must soon change from water to land, and then decisive work will begin. Chinese troops are massed both about Foo-Chow and in Tonquin. The French have barely 20,000 men in the whole country, and serious land warfare would be likely to go harder with them than any previous experience they have had in their easy but costly career of conquest.

Meanwhile, Prime Minister Ferry, who does not conceal his impatience at the strictures of the English press regarding the late bombardment, indulges in the following strain of reproach and self-defense: "The French press showed no such spirit when the English bombarded Alexandria. The English press by egging China on is siding against Europe. The confidence it gives the Chinese may next be turned against England. Commercial nations are naturally uneasy at our action, but once resolved upon redress, we must deal blows which will tell." M. Ferry disavows a policy of colonial conquest. "My whole duty," he declares, "is to finish enterprises originally ill-conceived and ill-managed. We want a peaceful occupation of Tonquin, and we want to enforce on China the respect she owes us. European interests need not be alarmed at this. We are acting for the civilized world."

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### THE NEW OBSERVATORY AT NICE.

Our illustration of the new observatory at Nice is copied from the plans and the sepia-drawing of the famous M. Garnier, architect of the Opera House in Paris. The observatory is built upon Mont Gros, a hill-suburb of Nice. The honor of its foundation belongs to M. Bischoffsheim, who furnished the funds for the acquisition of the land, the erection of the buildings, and the purchase of instruments, thus making the State a present of some three million francs. The observatory is furnished with astronomical instruments according with the progress of modern science. Its organization is complete, and important work has already been accomplished. The director is M. Perrotin, an astronomer distinguished by his work at the observatories of Paris and Toulouse, and recently appointed to direct one of the commissions for the observations of the transit of Venus. With him is associated M. Thollon, also a scientist of reputation. With the purest sky in the world, instruments of rare power, and a skilled director surrounded by scientific collaborators, all the elements of success seem here to be united, and the outlook of the new French observatory is a brilliant one.

### THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ERASMUS WILSON.

We give on page 36 a portrait of the late Sir William James Erasmus Wilson, the eminent British surgeon and munificent public benefactor, whose charities and active services to his fellow-creatures gained a reputation equal to that of his attainments as a scientific physiologist, and as a scholar. Sir William was born in 1809, studied anatomy and medicine, became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1831, a Fellow of the College in 1843, one of the Council in 1870, and President in 1871. In 1869, having founded at his own expense the chair of Dermatology, and the Museum of that branch of science, at the same college, he became its first professor. He was the most eminent authority upon diseases of the skin, and wrote many learned treatises upon that subject, besides conducting a quarterly journal of cutaneous medicine, contributing to other scientific journals and encyclopedias, and often delivering lectures and addresses. He was author or editor of several works treating of the study and practice of anatomy, and of some books of a more literary or popular character, designed to aid the cause of sanitary reform. He devoted much attention to Egyptian antiquities and history, and the result of these studies is partly contained in his volume entitled "Cleopatra's Needle, with brief Notes on Egypt and Egyptian Obelisks." The obelisk now on the Thames Embankment, which lay for many centuries in the sands at Alexandria, and was presented to England after the military expedition of Sir Ralph Abercromby in 1801, was brought to England in 1878, the Government

having failed to remove it, at the cost of Erasmus Wilson, whose outlay was some \$50,000. His acts of pecuniary beneficence were almost innumerable. He bestowed valuable endowments on the Royal College of Surgeons, and founded the chair of Pathology in the University of Aberdeen. He erected a handsome chapel and new wing for the Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate, built the Master's House at the Epsom Medical College, and restored the parish church of Swanscombe, in Kent. In November, 1881, the Queen conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, and he had received conspicuous honors from many leading societies. His death occurred on the 8th ultimo.

### AN ARABIAN SCHOOL.

Our picture of an Arabian school gives an admirable idea of the picturesque conditions under which study is pursued in that country. The schoolroom is the court of a mosque, overhead is the vault of heaven, and all about are the peculiar belongings of Arab life. All are apparently busy at their tasks; but books, methods, everything, differs from our conceptions and what a school should be. But some of these students are familiar with books embracing the entire sweep of Oriental wisdom and science, and in their own eyes, if not in those of other people, are the depositories of the only learning worth having—the knowledge of the one true faith.

### ADMIRAL COURBET.

Admiral Courbet, commander-in-chief of the French naval forces in China, entered the service in 1847, when twenty years of age. In 1852, he became an ensign, in 1856 a lieutenant, in 1866 a frigate captain, and in 1880 Vice-admiral. He was at one time Governor of New Caledonia, and commander-in-chief of the naval division in that district. He is a strict disciplinarian and intrepid to a fault, being always in the fore front of conflict. He has been officially thanked for his recent "brilliant beginning of the campaign in China."

### THE NEW SENEGAL RAILWAY.

The new railroad from Dakar, on the west African coast, to Saint Louis, the capital of the French possessions in Senegambia, is progressing rapidly, being already open some fifty miles from the sea. The work of construction is easy, the country being flat and the soil of sand and clay, and it is expected that the entire line will be in operation by May of next year. Dakar is the only port on this part of the coast which has a secure roadstead. The town is situated at the extremity of a peninsula, at the neck of which is the Moorish town of Rufisque, the objective point of caravans from the upper Niger. Saint Louis is a populous commercial town, situated on an island at the mouth of the Senegal River. Its means of communication with the sea have hitherto been very uncertain, on account of a dangerous bar in the river which renders navigation impracticable a great part of the time. The new railroad will make Saint Louis the commercial centre of a wide and rich section of country, which will have Dakar for its seaport.

## FACTS OF INTEREST.

KE Lung, in Formosa, which the French have just occupied in return for China's refusal to accede to their demands, is one of the most rainy spots in this region, owing to the influence of the current from the Japanese seas, and the annual average rainfall exceeds eighty-eight inches. The port of Kelung—or Tai-wan, in Chinese parlance—is situated in the north of the island, nearly at the foot of the lofty chain of mountains which divide Formosa into two distinct parts. The mountain districts are inhabited by the aborigines, few in number, but very warlike. In the plains live some three millions of Chinese, descendants of the original Chinese invaders, who sought refuge there in 1662 from civil strife in their own country, and expelled the Dutch colonists from the coast. The mountains are richly carboniferous, and the only coal-mines in the Chinese Empire are those near Kelung. Thus the loss of the port as a coaling-station will be seriously felt by the Chinese.

The value of expositions may be understood from one fact that seems to illustrate the point. North Carolina has already received \$1,000,000 from persons who have invested in her mineral land since she made her display of mineral resources at the fair in Boston last fall. North Carolina expended \$17,000 for the exhibit, and as a return for her sagacity has received \$1,000,000.

NATIONAL bankruptcy has been followed by a loss of self-respect in Egypt, as was shown when she parted with her obelisks, and mummies can now be openly bought for from \$25 to \$100—\$12 being added for boxing and freight—where the price was formerly \$250 and upwards, specimens with well-authenticated pedigrees being the most valuable. At the present rate, no family need be without a mummy.

### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 23d.—In Litchfield, Conn., Horace P. Whitney, President of the Harlem Bridge, Morrisania and Fordham Railway Company, aged 50 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Uzal A. Crane, formerly editor of the *Paterson Courier*; in Philadelphia, Pa., Edwin M. Lewis, President of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank, and Receiver of the Reading Railroad; in Brussels, Belgium, Chevalier Alexandre Francia, marine painter, aged 71 years. AUGUST 24th.—In Worcester, Mass., the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, a prominent citizen of that place, aged 86 years; in Fall River, Mass., the Rev. J. P. Bedard, pastor of Notre Dame Catholic Church, aged 54 years; at Grand Hotel, in the Catskills, George Edgar Underhill, a prominent business man of this city, aged 67 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Albert G. Allen, an old merchant of New York, aged 63 years; in England, Henry George Bohn, the publisher, aged 88 years; in Paris, the Marquis de Mesgrigny, landscape painter, aged 48 years. AUGUST 25th.—In Philadelphia, Pa., James Lawrence Claghorn, distinguished as a patron of art and a man of affairs, aged 67 years; in Indianapolis, Ind., Dr. John C. Waters, aged 53 years; in Berlin, Germany, the Right Hon. Lord Odo Russell, British Ambassador, aged 55 years. AUGUST 26th.—In Shrewsbury, N. J., General H. B. Durfee, an old and well-known citizen of Brooklyn, aged 70 years; in Charleston, S. C., Robert Murdock, well-known in New York business circles; at Clifton Springs, N. Y., the Rev. J. Sanford Holme, D.D., an eminent Baptist clergyman of New York; in Princeton, N. J., K. Harte, musician and scenic-artist; in Washington, D. C., Dr. Grafton Tyler, a prominent physician, aged 73 years. AUGUST 28th.—In Philadelphia, Pa., Henry M. Phillips, President of the Park Commission of that place, aged 73 years. AUGUST 29th.—At Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, R. Cornell White, an old and well-known steamboat man, aged 59 years.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A HEAVY frost was reported in most of the Northern States on the night of the 24th ultimo. In some localities considerable injury was done to growing crops.

A FEMALE advocate of prohibition in Dakota gracefully falls in with the customs of that section of the country. She has killed one saloon-keeper, and compelled another to close at the point of her revolver.

COUNTERFEIT silver dollars have made their appearance in New England, remarkable for the excellence of manufacture and difficulty of detection. They are thicker than the genuine and not quite up to weight.

FORT SUMTER has literally fallen. It is now only one story high and has but half a dozen guns, not one of which could be used. The Government pays about \$200 a month for watchmen, who keep lights burning on the fort for vessels.

THE Government chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry reports that the disease among cattle in the West is positively contagious pleuro-pneumonia. A number of condemned animals have been killed by the veterinary authorities at Elmhurst, Ill.

SEVENTY-SEVEN young Indians of the Pueblo tribe from New Mexico have just reached the Indian Training School at Carlisle, Pa. They range in age from nine to twenty years. The Fall term of the school opened on the 1st instant, with 400 pupils.

FROM New Jersey the usual complaints of the condition of the cranberry crop come in. It is the cause of immense losses to many growers because they have not sufficient capital for the business. One success will recoup the losses of several years, but few have the money for a long struggle against bad luck.

MME. KOLEMINE, who has become well known through her morganatic marriage with the Grand Duke Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, refuses to accept the settlement arranged by the Darmstadt Tribunal, and appeals to the Reichsgericht. She wants the allowance of £1,000 yearly decreed to be paid her by the Grand Duke increased to twice that amount.

THE Russian Ministry of Marine has issued to several learned societies a plan for a Russian Polar expedition. The idea is to have several large parties start from Jeannette Island and proceed entirely on foot across the ice, leaving large depots of provisions in their rear. It is thought that there are many islands north of Jeannette Island that could be utilized.

THIS is a stanza of a song which threatens to rival the popularity of the "jingo" ballad of Disraeli's time in England, and John Bright joined with the 20,000 in singing it at Manchester:

"The haughty Peers must pass the Bill,  
And stand not in the way;  
Peers over people must not rule  
In this enlightened day."

THE most marvelous success of recent journalistic enterprises in London is a thing called *Tit-bits*, which circulates nearly a million, though nothing but a collection of extracts from American papers. The latest journalistic novelty is an organ for the servants of Berlin, under the title of the *Cook and Housemaid*. A London religious journal, called the *Christian Million*, attracts readers by sending around a carriage and pair, which is to be given as a prize.

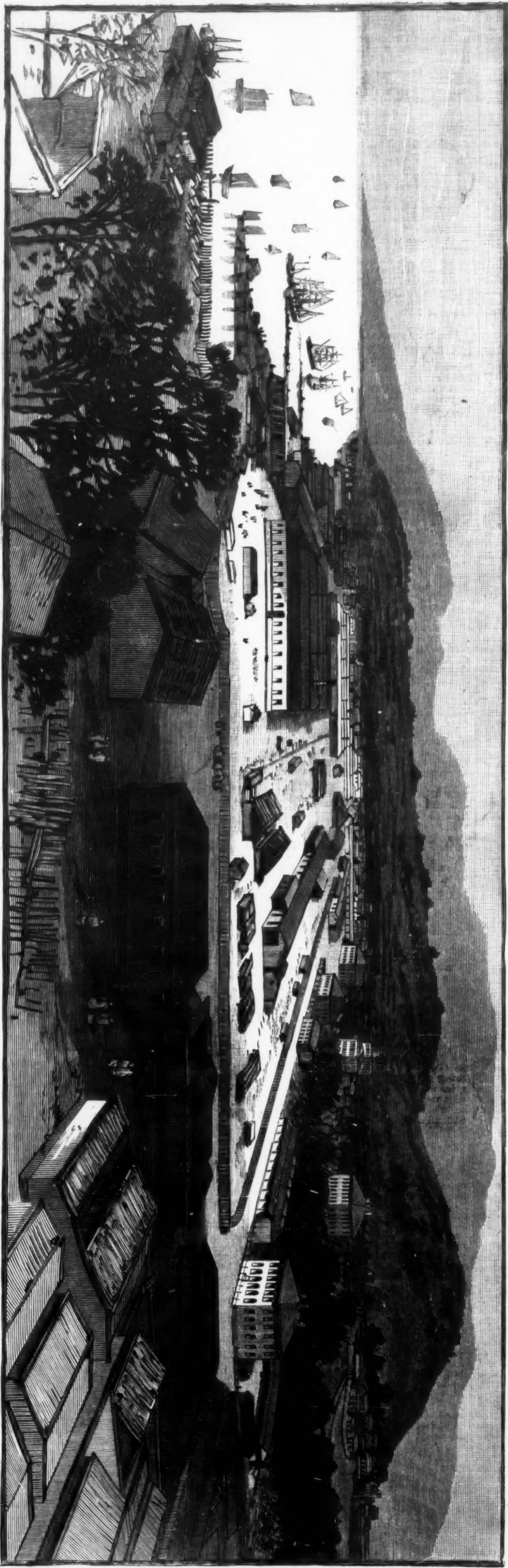
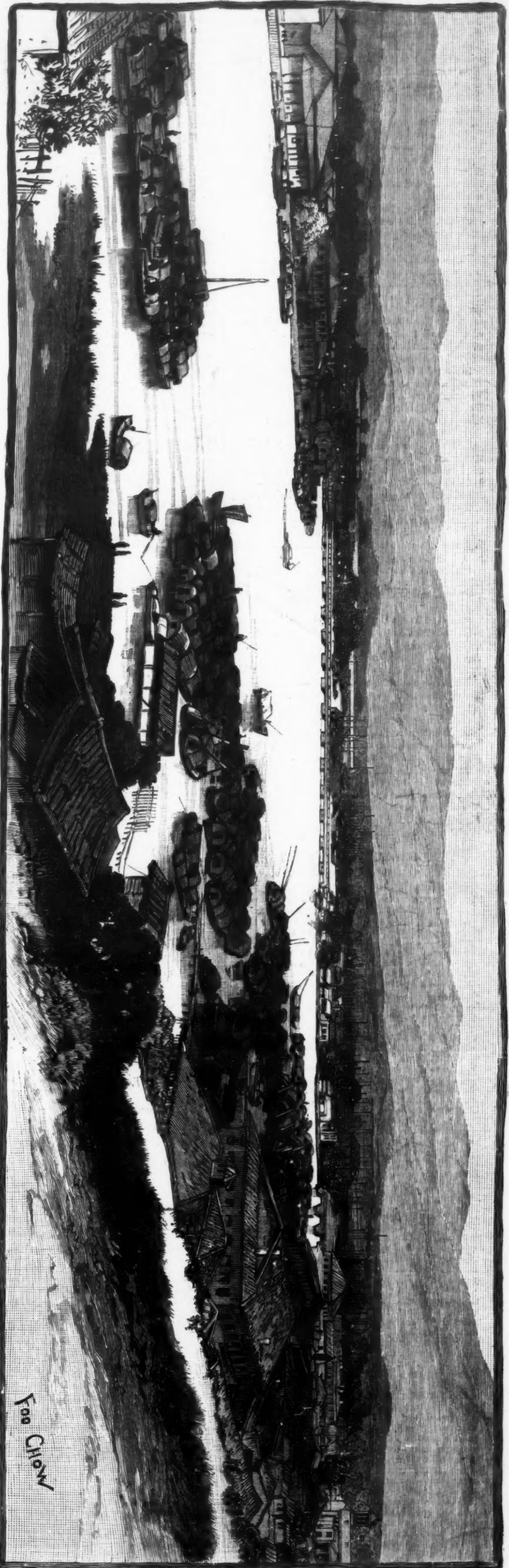
MR. HENRY IRVING last week announced to an audience in the Lyceum Theatre, London, that he hoped soon to renew his intercourse with the great people of America. He expected to begin his tour in October and end in March, and he believed it would extend from Canada to San Francisco. He thanked the people of London for their patronage, and bespoke the support of his friends for Mary Anderson, who is about to succeed him on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre.

THE kiosks, which form a characteristic and picturesque feature of the Paris boulevards, are, it seems, to be introduced into the cities of the United States. The American Kiosk Company, for the manufacture of kiosks from iron, wood and other materials, has been incorporated with a capital of \$100,000. Real estate not exceeding \$1,000,000 in value will be acquired, and books, pamphlets, newspapers, etc., will be sold in the kiosks in cities, towns and villages.

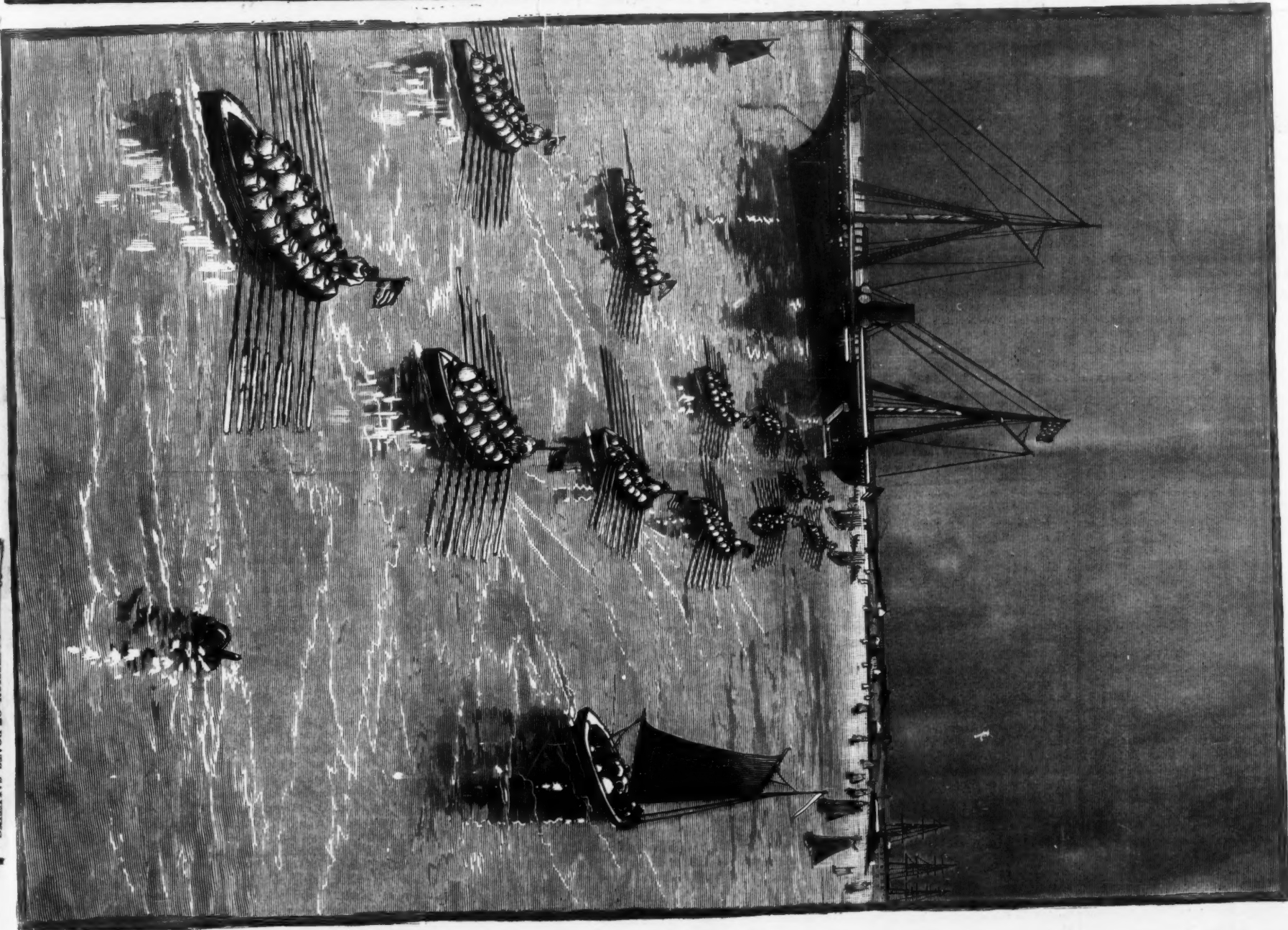
THE Monmouth Battle Monument, which is to be erected on the revolutionary battlefield near Freehold, N. J., will be finished about October 1st, and will be unveiled, probably, about the 20th of that month. Secretary of State Frelinghuysen and Attorney-general Stockton will be invited to deliver the orations. The monument will cost about \$40,000, of which Congress has appropriated \$20,000, New Jersey \$10,000, and the balance has been raised by private subscription.

BOISE is the capital of Idaho. There is no Capitol building as yet, the Legislature sitting in a hall hired for the purpose. The Governor's executive office is in a brick dwelling only one story high. The new Governor, Bunn, arrived on the day of a circus. The proprietor proposed to suspend the morning performance and hold the celebration in the tent. His offer was accepted, and the circus people joined in the procession. A platform was erected at one side of the ring, and on it sat eight ministers and a bishop. The tumblers, bareback-riders and acrobats waited until the close of the celebration, when the tent was cleared, the people bought tickets, and the second show began.

ONE of the novel features of the present canvass in Maine is the activity of the women in behalf of the prohibitory amendment to the Constitution. This is an effort to engraft on the Constitution of the State the present statute law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. The vote on this subject will be taken on the same day as the State election. There is a difference of opinion on the subject of the amendment, even among Temperance men, but its friends think that the incorporation of prohibition into the Constitution will remove the question from political action. The women are actively enlisted in the cause. They have about 300 speakers in the field. On election day in the 500 cities and towns in the State at least 5,000 women will be at the polls working for the amendment. The question is not made a party one. The ladies claim that because Maine has been looked up to as the home of the law, the citadel of Prohibition, a defeat would have greater significance than a defeat in other States, and for that reason the enemies of the principle are willing to spend a good deal of money.



THE FRENCH INVASION OF CHINA.—VIEWS OF THE CITY OF FOO-CHOW AND OF THE GOVERNMENT ARSENAL, DESTROYED BY THE BOMBARDMENT OF AUGUST 25th.  
FROM PHOTOS, SUPPLIED BY S. L. BALDWIN.—SEE PAGE 20.



## AMBER, THE WAIF.

(Continued.)

BY K. F. HILL.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

A GLEAM of joy lit up Walter's face; Amber had unconsciously given him ground to work upon.

"Who was this woman?" he asked, with affected carelessness.

"Old Mag, the sick-nurse, or doctress."

"Old Mag? I thought so. She is like a carrion crow, or buzzard, always hovering around when there is sickness or death."

"Well, she is the one who took my belt, unless it was knocked off by the waves, and I do not think it was, for I remember feeling it secure just before I lost my senses."

"The old hag has got it, no doubt, and will not part with it till she is well paid."

"I will not pay her a single dollar!" said Amber, firmly.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the old hag, who was hidden in the boat-house. "So, miss, I've got nothing to expect from you. I thought as much; I thought so."

"I will pay for them, and return them to you," said Walter.

"A likely story," mumbled Mag. "You will pay for them or you won't get them; but if you once lay your fingers on them, good-by to them."

"I do not think it would be right to pay that old woman for stealing my belt when I was unconscious," said Amber, doubtfully.

"That is the only way to deal with her," replied Morrow. "She is the vilest and most grasping old fiend in existence, I assure you."

"Ha! ha! deary, you'll pay for that speech, too," chuckled the unseen listener.

"Well, you can do as you please. She shall never receive one cent from me. She is a fearful looking old creature!"

"Oh, terrible! a perfect witch? By-the-way, how was it you came to employ her son?"

"Employ her son? I didn't know she had one."

"You sent him to get this book, and I refused to give it to him, as I wished to bring it myself."

Amber had forgotten all about poor Barty's offer to get back the book for her.

"I employed no one to go to you and ask for the book," she said, with a look of surprise.

"Well, the witch's son called on me and said you had sent him. By-the-way, he denied being the witch's son—didn't seem proud of the connection; can't blame him."

"So, Master Barty," said Mag, in her retreat—"so you are dancing after the lighthouse angel, too, eh? and denying me—ashamed, eh?"

"By-the-by," said Amber, after a few moments reflection, "a young man did say he would get the book for me. I'd quite forgotten him."

"Well, that was Barty—a low fellow; you might guess what he is by his mother."

"He did not look low, and he cannot help what his mother does."

"Ah, so you defend him just as you defend this Sebastian?"

"I would be base indeed if I did not defend Sebastian," Amber spoke, warmly, and her eyes glowed like fire.

"Well, I am willing to recognize you as my aunt's daughter at once, pending the restoration of the papers. You will, of course, come to Eldorado to live. I shall send the carriage for you to-morrow, and I will find some suitable old lady to come and live with you as duenna."

"Live at Eldorado! Leave Sebastian altogether?" exclaimed Amber.

"Certainly. You can make the fellow a handsome present. Of course you feel grateful and all that."

"Make Sebastian a present? Oh, how little you know him! He is the noblest man on earth."

"Well, don't give him anything, if you prefer to be under an obligation to him—if he is a Quixotic sort of fellow."

"Oh, no, I would never dare to offer money to Sebastian."

"Well, at what hour will you be ready to leave? When shall I send the carriage?"

Amber stared at her cousin in surprise.

"I thought you understood," she said, softly.

"I will not leave Sebastian at all."

"What!" exclaimed Walter.

"I will never leave him as long as he wants me to stay."

She spoke quietly, but Morrow saw that her face was full of determination.

"Good heavens!" he cried, indignantly; "do you think I will allow you to live in the lighthouse alone with this man?"

"Allow me!" Her voice was full of spirit.

"How can you prevent me?"

"I am your cousin—your nearest relative. The law will uphold me."

"You are nothing to me; you can no more prove your relationship than I can."

She was cool and calm, but her cheeks were the deep crimson of anger and her eyes were full of inward light.

"By Jove! of all the mad women on earth you are the maddest. What do you suppose people will say, will think, if you refuse to come to Eldorado and continue to live in a lighthouse with a low, common sailor?"

"He is neither low nor common. He is a gentleman, and he is my only friend."

"Well, I'll appeal to him. If he has one spark of gentlemanly feeling in him he will tell you as I do. You can't set public opinion at defiance. You must consider what people will think."

"People are nothing to me; I care nothing for what they think," said the young girl, as she turned away.

"Then you refuse to come to Eldorado—you prefer your lighthouse?"

"I'll never leave Sebastian until he says he no longer wishes me to stay with him."

"Ah, indeed! Perhaps by that time it will be too late. This offer may never be repeated. Take care; decide now."

"I have decided. I will stay."

As she spoke she walked away. Morrow flashed a look of hatred mingled with unwilling admiration after her.

"I'll see you once more before I give up all hope of you," he called out.

"And I'll give you the same answer," she replied.

When she had passed out of sight Morrow strode away with an angry frown on his face.

This girl was beautiful, and she eluded him; he had made up his mind to marry her, and so secure her fortune against all chances. He admired her, for her face and form were the most perfect he had ever seen, and he already felt the nearest approach to love his coarse nature was capable of.

He was accustomed to winning the affections of any woman he sought, and Amber's evident indifference, or even dislike, enhanced her charms in his opinion.

She avoided him; this was something new in his experience. She was also much more beautiful than Louise, and she had kept his wayward affections longer than any other woman.

"I'll win her if I die for it," he said, "and I'll marry her. She can be tamed; it will be an amusing task to subdue her."

When he had passed out of sight old Mag crept forth.

"Ha! ha!" she chuckled, "fine fun ahead, if I ain't mistaken. So you won't pay for the papers, my little dear, and Walter will. Well, well, we'll see—we'll see."

She glanced around her as she came cautiously forth from her hiding-place. In the distance she saw a figure, not Walter's, but some other man's. He was walking rapidly in the direction of the lighthouse.

## CHAPTER XIX.—BARTY'S HIDING-PLACE.

BARTY was fortunate, and did not encounter old Mag on his way to the shore. He gained his boat unmolested, and, placing his bundle in the bottom of the craft, pulled away from the shore.

First he rowed out to sea, then he skirted the southwest coast and pulled for the shore about a mile below the lighthouse. He landed in a tiny bay and grounded his boat. Jumping ashore, he carried the bundle in his arms along the beach till he reached a small cave. It was so low that the man could only enter by bending his tall form almost double. The mouth of this cave was almost concealed by hanging vines and clusters of the well-defended French prickly pear, with its war-like spines, but Barty pushed boldly through them. Then he sat down with the bundle in his lap, and scraped up a quantity of the white sand which formed the floor of this natural hiding-place. The whole soil of the island of Key West is composed of coral, reduced by the action of the elements to fine white powder, and Barty's cave was as clean and pure as a drawing-room.

When he had dug a grave deep enough to contain them, he carefully buried his treasures.

"I'll miss my old cloak," he said, as he smoothed the sand down. "But I want the other things to look as well as they do now when I come here for them, if it's ten years after this."

Barty was too ignorant to consider the newspaper which he carried in his pocket of any importance. Had he taken it to any one capable of reading it, he need not have waited ten years to prove his claim to an honorable position in the world.

As it was, he merely wrapped up the paper with the rest of the things; he did examine the contents of the handkerchief, however. It was fine white lawn, or rather it had once been white, but was now yellow. It was lace-bordered, and a faint perfume still clung to it. The cobweb scraps had outlasted the woman who had once been its owner.

In the handkerchief was wrapped a wedding-ring, with the initials "G. B." and "N. H." engraved inside. The letters "G. B." also appeared upon the handkerchief. A baby's coral necklace and sleeve links were also wrapped with the wedding-ring, and an emerald bracelet, tied with a piece of ribbon to a diamond lace-pin.

Barty guessed that these articles were valuable, and he knew also that they were of importance to him in proving at some future day that he was the child stolen by Bruce.

When he had removed all trace of his buried treasures, the young man left the cave, and, returning to his boat, pulled away towards his home.

He had been lost in reflection; but suddenly, as he came in sight of the lighthouse, he thought of Amber.

"How selfish I am!" he said, reproachfully. "I looked for those things because they concern myself, and I never thought of her papers."

He had little doubt that they were also hidden in Mag's den, and he feared that the crafty old woman would not be liable again to leave the key in the door.

How was he to gain admittance to the old witch's treasure-chamber? This question puzzled him sorely as he slowly rowed homeward. If he could get Mag out of the place for any length of time he would boldly open one of the windows. How was he to succeed in this? As he walked on, his hands in his pockets, he caught sight of Walter Morrow.

The young master of Eldorado was feeling strangely restless and excited; he had found another letter from Louise on his toilet-table. It was worded exactly like the first one, and he was more alarmed than ever. His conscience began to assert itself, though he had believed it dead and buried in the abyss of his heartless dissipation. He could not bear to remain in the house alone; he fancied his grandfather's stern face was ever

before him. He expected to see the stately old man noiselessly enter each door.

If Louise could speak from her silent tomb by means of letters written by ghastly fingers, why could not the colonel come back also to vent his anger on the ungrateful wretch who had hurried him into eternity, and set at naught his dying wishes?

Walter had hastened the old man's death, thinking he was preventing him from taking away what he had grown to regard as his inheritance; he had crept into the bed-chamber while old Chloe dozed, and dropped the fatal drug prepared by Mag's devilish skill into the cooling drink which stood near at hand. He knew that the poisoned draught had been swallowed, and he had seen its effects. Too late he learned that his crime had been committed in vain. His grandfather had disinherited him.

He was strolling along in a gloomy mood when he suddenly encountered Barty.

He had made up his mind to see Mag once more, but he was determined that he would not again visit the shanty. Barty had spoken of his numerous visits to his mother's wretched home, and others would also observe them.

He thought the meeting with the young man might serve a purpose.

Stopping directly in his path, Walter addressed him.

"How do you do? I want you to tell me where I'll be likely to see your mother. One of the servants is sick."

"Wouldn't Dr. Naylor be a better person to call than the old woman?" inquired Barty, bluntly.

"No; the colored people have more faith in Mother Mag than they have in him."

"I'll tell her to call at Eldorado."

Walter looked troubled. This would never do. What he said about the servant being ill was false. Neither would he dare to have the old woman show her face at Eldorado, for Mamma Chloe detested her, and suspected her of all sorts of dark doings.

"No. I'll tell you what. I'll stroll along the beach, and you tell her to meet me near the boat-house."

Barty remembered with joy that this would be an excellent opportunity for him to carry out his resolution. He could send the old woman to have an interview with Walter, and during her absence gain admittance to her den.

"Very well," he said, after a few minutes' reflection. "If she is at home I'll send her there."

"Now I'll see what can be done with the witch," Walter muttered, as Barty walked rapidly away.

He lingered near the boat-house, but Mag did not appear. She was occupied weaving the romance for Emma's ears, and did not return home till just before she took her place in the boat-house to play the rôle of listener to Walter's conversation with Amber. So Barty had to postpone his attempt, for he did not dare to make it unless he knew that Mag would be absent for some time. He reconnoitred, however, and made up his mind how he could effect an unseen entrance to the old woman's den.

Leaving the place, he walked a long distance to the home of a friend of his. The man was a carpenter, and Barty visited him for the purpose of borrowing some of his tools.

## CHAPTER XX.—AMBER'S RESOLUTION.

MORROW adhered to his intention of seeking an interview with Sebastian, and boldly requesting him to use his influence with Amber to induce her to accept his offer to recognize her as his cousin and receive her at Eldorado. He fancied he could make this man, whose own nature was so straightforward, believe that he, Morrow, was actuated by good motives in making this offer.

He called boldly at the lighthouse, and found Amber busily engaged in her morning household task. She looked exquisitely beautiful in her neat lawn dress, her fair, fresh face glowing with health and happiness out of its setting of dusky hair.

"I wish to see Mr. Sebastian. I don't know what his other name is," said Morrow, smiling at the girl as if they were on the most friendly terms.

"He is in the upper room," replied Amber. She did not pause from her occupation or invite him to be seated.

"Very well; I'll join him if he is disengaged."

"He is busy; but he is always so; if you wish to see him, the present time is as convenient as any other."

"Hum! pretty pastoral sort of existence," said Walter, with a sneer.

He wished to be agreeable, but could not entirely repress his real nature.

"Very, and also a happy one," replied Amber, with the calm, youthful dignity Walter had observed before.

"Well, I'll go up—life in a lighthouse must recall Longfellow's poem. I suppose 'Excelsior' is your motto."

"It is a noble one," said Amber, calmly.

She would not condescend to notice his sneering tone.

He bowed with a mocking smile and left her. Sebastian was standing before his easel, putting the finishing touches to a large painting; he looked up when he heard Morrow's steps.

"Good-morning," he said, gravely. "Good-morning. As I may make some stay, I'll sit down."

He took a seat, and Sebastian laid aside palette and brush and did likewise.

"If I remember properly, our last interview was a rather stormy one," Walter said, carelessly.

"It might have become so had it been prolonged."

"I've been thinking over matters a little," Walter resumed; he was not encouraged by Sebastian's manner, which was cold and grave, "and I've come to the conclusion that I shall offer this

young lady a home at Eldorado, and treat her like a cousin."

He watched Sebastian keenly, and saw a strange expression come over his face.

"You mean to recognize your cousin's claim upon her grandfather's fortune?"

The question was asked very quietly.

"Ah! Now that is a little too much of a good thing!" exclaimed Walter.

"You say you intend to treat her as a cousin, or perhaps I misunderstood you."

"I'll give her a home and treat her like a cousin, but I am not such a fool as to hand over my fortune and everything to a girl who can't legally claim one cent."

Walter's natural coarseness now fully displayed itself.

"Then why make any concessions at all?"

Sebastian's tone was even and quiet, but his eyes glowed like the eyes of a lion.

"Well, she says she is my Aunt Belle's daughter, and of course I can't allow her to live here with you."

"She is your cousin, or she is not."

"That's it. She may be my cousin, and I'm willing to treat her as such, though she can't really claim anything."

"You don't wish to be on bad terms with her when the time arrives that she can claim everything?"

Morrow started and bit his lips. Sebastian had almost guessed his purpose.

"That time will never arrive," he managed to say, calmly.

"It will—just as soon as I am in a position to employ a lawyer."

"What?"

There could be no doubt of it; the man was alarmed by Sebastian's words.

"I have told you what I intend to do. I am working hard in order to be in a position to give your cousin substantial aid."

"No lawyer will listen to her story, for she can't produce a single proof of her identity."

"Not now. That also requires money."

Sebastian knew nothing of Amber's interview with Morrow; he was not aware that she had revealed the name of the party she suspected of stealing her belt. Morrow saw this instantly; he muttered: "I will have those papers if I die for it." Aloud he said:

"I thought you told me the documents, whatever they were, were lost at sea?"

"Yes, but on more mature reflection, I think they were stolen."

"And you fancy you can recover them as soon as you are able to offer a reward."

"I do."

"Well, I don't agree with you. I believe they will never be found, but I am willing to take this girl into my home and provide for her."

"You are more generous than you were during our first interview."

Sebastian's look and tone were full of quiet contempt.

"Well, you would second me if you cared for the girl, or had her interest at heart."

Walter spoke angrily. Sebastian's contemptuous manner stung him; he knew this man's grave, blue eyes had read his unworthy nature and mean motives.

"I am at a loss to know your meaning."

"You may be ignorant of the usages of polite life, but you can't pretend to think that this girl is not doing her reputation irreparable damage by living with you."

"I shelter her in the only home I have."

Nothing could disturb Sebastian's quiet dignity, or ruffle his calmness.

"You know what will be said on the subject, but you take undue advantage of the girl's innocence," said Walter, tauntingly.

"I shall not allow your opinions to induce me to withdraw my protection from a friendless child."

"She is not friendless. I am willing to befriend her."

"And your reputation is so well established that you are thoroughly qualified to fill the position of protector to youth and innocence."

The biting sarcasm made Walter's blood boil.

"No matter what may be said of me, I am, or she asserts that I am, her nearest relative, and my position is different from yours. I can provide a proper chaperon. No one can say one word against the arrangements I will make. You are doing this girl an injustice when you prevent her from accepting my offer."

"I will not prevent her from doing so. Let us ask her, and she may decide between us."

As he spoke, he rose, and they descended the ladder to Amber's room.

Walter immediately stated his case in the most eloquent manner he had at his command. Amber listened in perfect silence.

"You told me all this before," she said, when he had concluded his appeal, "and I told you that I would never leave Sebastian unless he wished me to do so."

The lighthouse-keeper's face lit up with joy and triumph.

"Now, Amber," he said, "I will tell you what I think. This gentleman has some motive which does not appear on the surface for making this offer. As soon as possible I will do my utmost to prove that you are the daughter of Belle Clayton, and I am confident that I shall succeed. He says I am taking advantage of your innocence by allowing you to remain here. You have heard all his arguments. Choose for yourself."

The girl turned to him with a bright smile and outstretched hand.

"I have chosen," she said. "I told him so when he asked me. I will never leave you, Sebastian. I owe you everything, and I trust you fully. You don't wish me to leave you?"

Her tone was appealing. Sebastian held the little hand in his firmly, and his eyes were full of

an expression that Amber did not understand. He did not speak for a moment, and when he did, his voice was calm. "I do not," was all he said.

"You hear?" said Amber, turning to Walter Morrow, who stared at her in baffled anger.

"Yes, I hear."

The fierce glare of his eyes did not move the young girl. She returned his savage look, calmly.

"Then you know my answer."

"I do; but you will live to repent this!" and turning to Sebastian, with a muttered curse he added, "And so shall you!"

The lighthouse-keeper answered with a wave of his hand and a smile of contempt.

Walter hissed another curse through his set teeth, and sprang down the ladder, leaving Amber and Sebastian alone.

(To be continued.)

## WARWICK AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

"915. This year Ethelberta, Lady of Mercia, built Warwick."

THIS is the record of the Saxon chronicle, and this Warwick which Ethelberta built was the nucleus round which, century by century, the Warwick of to-day has grown up. It was a rugged gray stone keep upon a round knoll, overlooking the Avon; the green knoll still stands, and a few stones, clothed thick with ivy, preach their sermons upon the mutability of all things. Beyond Ethelberta's mound has stretched link after link of a long chain of buildings, wherein every century has had its share; below it the sleepy little town has spread out street after street, until at last it has stopped growing, and now in this present year of our Lord, it seems no more than just a little stepping-stone in the middle of the great gap between the eighth century and the nineteenth.

It is a silent, sober old town, whose dreamy quiet not even the railway and the shriek of the locomotive has been able to disturb; a place rich in old half-timbered houses, sharp gables and red tiled roofs, many paned windows crossing the bulging fronts, and delicious perspectives of crooked alleys bristling with fantastic chimneys, and peaks and projections. In the High Street the houses are comparatively modern—not more than a century old, perhaps—built of the weather-stained and rain-blackened brick which supplies a sober tone of color to all English towns; low, wide-fronted houses, with solidly painted brown and black and green doors, monstrous brass door-plates with Roman capitals half effaced by constant polishing, and small shallow steps, daily whitened in some mysterious fashion until they appear as the driven snow. A sprinkling of quiet, shady little shops, relieves the monotony of these sober fronts; a single-tracked tramway runs through the street at stated and infrequent intervals, conveying passengers to Leamington, and, besides this concession to modern progress, few signs of life in the way of vehicles are astir. At either end of the High Street, running duly east and west, stand the great city gates of the ninth or tenth centuries, reminding us that Warwick was once a walled town—huge piles of hewn stone raised on foundations of the solid rock, and crowned each with its little chapel and clock-tower. Inside these gateways, under the groined stone arches, one may see the holes in the rock where the bolts slid and the gates were hung, and overhead is the old groove for the portcullis, empty now for many a generation.

This is Warwick High Street, seen by us for the first time in a hazy yellow sunset light, as we drove up and down in search of lodgings. There are many sober little "hotels" within its precincts; but we liked better the semi-rural aspect of a certain quaint hostelry standing just beyond the west gate, overlooking the common and a long sweep of green meadows; an odd rambling old house with a great, smooth bowling-green, and a garden crowded full of roses and pinks and pansies and stocks, and tall foxgloves growing wild in thickets of holly, and creeping ivy everywhere clothing the brick walls. Here, with a cozy little parlor and a seasonal fire, and two windows, framed in a climbing white rose-vine, overlooking the bowling-green, we were at home before darkness had closed in on Warwick—at home for nearly a week of delicious novelty, a red-letter week in all our calendars!

Only a stone's throw from us, close by the west gate, was that most exquisite of old half-timbered buildings known as Leicester's Hospital. It was a very old house in Leicester's day, and Queen Elizabeth, having gotten possession of it by means which history reveals not, made it a present to her Master of Horse, who forthwith established there a retreat for twelve old and disabled soldiers, always to be chosen from certain towns of Warwickshire and privileged to bring their wives into the retreat with them. The old buildings, freshly painted and emblazoned with many a Bear and Ragged Staff, with the initials and motto of Leicester, "*Dieu et mon Droit*," and the date of the foundation, with many a pious text for the edification of the Brethren, form a quadrangle from which one passes out into a stiff, trim old garden with little graveled paths and tall hornbeam hedges, and small, neat plots where the old soldiers work at their crops of beans and potatoes.

Through these peaceful precincts, on the very day after our arrival in Warwick, we were conducted by an aged Brother, who introduced himself to us—by means of the prayer-book which lay by his seat in the chapel, and bore his name in large gilt letters—as Thomas Sturch. He was a burly, white-haired veteran, who, in a broad Warwickshire dialect—such, perhaps with barely a change, as Shakespeare spoke—pointed out and explained the beauties of the place. There was the little chapel, with its old oaken stalls where the Brethren sat, and the bell-tower above the entrance, where the rope hung down, coiling on the stone floor like a serpent, and "below this," he informed us, "be dungells," into which, however, we were not conducted. Here was the old garden, through which he led us, lingering with pride on the little plots of white-flowering beans, and showing us his own, next but one to the wider division allotted to "t'Mahster," the oldest inhabitant laying claim to this post of honor, which descends by order of succession; the quadrangle, half sun and half shade, between its four sides of gabled, half-timbered fronts, so rich with zigzagging black beams and yellow plaster, and panels with tall, brown bears in high relief, holding fast by very ragged staffs indeed, and the truculent, gilded porcupine of the Sidneys, with whom Leicester quartered arms; mottoes, too, in old English letters, brightly emblazoned, which perpetu-

ally remind the twelve old soldiers to "fear God and honor the King," and to "be kindly affectioned one to another." Then came the old kitchen, low-ceiled, with great black oaken beams, and oak-paneled walls glossy and black with unctuous smoke, and the great cavernous fireplace, with the oaken settees where the Brethren smoke their pipes of an evening; old bits of curious furniture, rough with carving—a press from Kenilworth, an old chair found in the "dungells," and declared by this undoubting Thomas to be "a matter o' eight or noin hundred year old"—a bit of Amy Robsart's needlework, a bear and ragged staff done in raised and knotted stitch; and then a goodly show of trophies, memories of the Brethren's old battles, helmets from Balaklava and Indian swords, mixed with rusty Cromwellian blades, and pikes and battered headpieces that had been new in the Wars of the Roses. Here we saw the old Banqueting Hall, with its noble, open roof crossed with timbers of yellow Spanish oak, and, last of all, the little rooms where the Brothers lived, and Brother Sturch's own personal suite of apartments—bed-room, dining-room and wash-room—where he lived in single blessedness. Here, while showing us the blue cloth gown and silver badge which he wore as a recipient of the bad earl's bounty, did the honest veteran come to a business understanding with us.

"We don't make no charge for showing 't' place," he announced, with dignity; "but all what strangers g'ies us we takes an' g'ies to t' Mahster, and he puts it to a fund for to keep 't' widders o' them as dies here. We don't keep none on 't, but every penny goes to 't' widders."

"Very praiseworthy! very excellent arrangement," cried B., warmly—so warmly that Brother Sturch had every reason to expect a half-crown at least, and was deeply moved at receiving only sixpence at parting.

He glanced at that modest coin in his open palm, and then at B., and courteously, but with great firmness, remonstrated.

"That's very little to g'ie 't' widders, sir!—very little, that is! We wosn't make much for 't' widders at that rate!" and so lofty was the moral rebuke in his tone and in his eye that B., conscience-stricken, handed out another sixpence on the spot.

After Leicester's Hospital came a morning at Warwick Castle, a rainy morning, through which, with a marvelous disregard of damp feet and wet skirts, we wandered through a wilderness of park and garden and shrubbery, under the Crusader's cedars, planted as saplings from Lebanon seven hundred years ago, and by the dry and flower-planted moat and on the drawbridge; we climbed Guy's Tower, with its crumbling stone stair, and leaned over its worn and broken battlements, and heard in fancy the hurling of bolts from the cross-bows of a besieging army, and saw the showers of arrows, and the flash of armor and the tangled coil of fight far down below, surging against the very base of the grim gray old tower. And we walked in a meek procession after a slim, shrill-voiced young girl, who showed us through the "Great Hall," with its vast twilight of timbered roof, and its ghostly suits of armor standing sentinel-wise, and through the long suites of rooms—the Red Drawing-room, and the Cedar Drawing-room, and a host more, all lined with glorious Vandykes and Moronis and Holbeins, and crowded with costly and ancient and beautiful things, which left in the memory nothing but a confusion of color and glitter and fantastic form. Of all the treasures of Warwick Castle but two details stand out clear to me, needing no note-book to recall them—the old gray tower that Richard II. built, and the one small canvas whereon, as in a mirror, you see to-day the face of Wentworth, Earl of Stratford. Vandyke painted it but a little while before the execution on Tower Hill; Vandyke and he were friends, and surely, if ever one man had the key to another human soul, this painter held the key of Stratford's—and the gazer has it, as he looks upon the painted image.

For the sum of sixteen shillings paid to the proprietor of a public conveyance, the visitor in Warwick may see Stratford-on-Avon, tread the lanes of Shottery, sit by Anne Hathaway's hearthstone and Shakespeare's grave. It is an excursion of some twenty miles, over smooth, hard, dustless English high roads, and through lovely bowery green lanes; high road and lanes alike bordered with banks and tall hedgerows of living green, fresh, dewy and fragrant with the breath of pink and white hawthorne, of sweetbriar and twisted white convolvulus, and all alive with rustling leaves and sprays, and twittering birds. It is a country of soft, sloping meadows, where scarlet poppies are sifted like sparks of fire all through the clear cool green of grain and grass and clover; where the oaks and elms grow wide-armed and mossy, and spread great spaces of shadow, and here and there comes winding the brown glassy Avon, half-hidden between its bushy and flowery banks. There are glimpses of old, red brick farmhouses, wrapped in ivy, with their red-tiled roofs all cushioned with velvety green mosses, and their cluster of outbuildings, with great overhanging roofs of brown thatch, scarcely to be distinguished from the round hayricks hard by; little square gray belfries of parish churches rising far back in the sea of green; distant peeps at old park manors and halls buried in their acres of park and woodland; and, at long distances, some little knots of long, low cottages, rich in creamy-white plaster and warm thatch, and all garlanded with rose vines and white-starred clematis. We pass Charlecote, or rather, its lodges, where two great stone bears sit dominant, and see the deer grazing in its green park, and the rabbit-warren all alive with little scurrying brown dots darting through the shivering fern; and, then through more lovely lanes, between avenues of glorious oaks, we find our way to Stratford.

We crossed the Avon by way of an old stone bridge, built by Henry VII., over which the poet must many a time have lounged and leaned, and straightway, striking into the High Street, discovered a new, smart, modern town—a "thriving" town, with gas in the streets, with well-paved sidewalks and plate-glass shop-windows, and all the abominations of the "latest improvements." My heart sank within me as we rattled over those excellent pavements. Where was the Stratford of my dreams? Where were the haunts of Shakespeare? Where the glamour and the visionary glory that should have clothed the spot like a visible halo? We had left it all behind in the green lanes among the wild-flowers. Probably—nay, certainly, this march of civilization and nineteenth-century enterprise is good for the inhabitants of Stratford; they are the better for the gas and the drains and the broad sidewalks; but one is inclined to wish that they might have sacrificed themselves for the good of the public, and the Stratford pilgrims who come yearly to be disappointed and disenchanted. Chester and York and Warwick are content to be "behind the age" and picturesque, why not Stratford-on-Avon?

Shakespeare's house, with its timber and plaster, its bulging front and peaked gables and tiny-paned windows, has not been altogether restored out of identity; it is possible that Master John Shakespeare, woolcomber, might recognize his own temporal home should he revisit the glimpses of the moon and stray into modern Stratford. The old door, and the posts that support its tiny porch, are very brown and worm-eaten, and the stone threshold broken and worn in glossy hollows by millions of entering feet; but the latch-door is bolted and barred, instead of standing hospitably open, as, doubtless, in the old time, and it was only after several vigorous pulls at a modern bell that we were admitted, with much scraping of bolts and turning of keys, by a tall, frosty-looking personage who acts as custodian and guide.

The door opens directly upon the main room of the house—a big, low-ceiled room, with one wide diamond-paned window, and a stone floor strangely cracked and battered, and a great, dark, cavernous fireplace. Back of this is a smaller room, of the same rude pattern, from a corner of which a steep, crooked stairway twists up to the wretched garret chambers which complete the accommodations. Our guide presented us, as it were, to the premises with a stately wave of the hand, and explained the domestic economy of the former inhabitants as if she had herself been one of them.

"In this room the Shakespeares commonly lived; this was their houter kitchen, where the 'eavy work was done,' etc., etc. Had I been audacious enough to have suggested any other arrangement as possible in Mistress Shakespeare's day, I am convinced that she would have turned upon me an icy stare, and replied, 'Not while I was a member of the Shakespeares family!'"

But it was a comfort to slip away from her custody, and from the rest, and to creep into one of the chimney-corner seats—little nooks roughly built in the masonry, and with the cracked blackened cold stone hearth under my feet, on which the wonderful boy three hundred years ago had watched the glowing and dying brands, and overhead the long, dim black cavern of the chimney, diminishing like a funnel, and ending in a square of pale sky, there to rest and think awhile of all that that old home had seen and known. I did not seem alone; I could almost see the boy in jerkin and hose who sat curled in the opposite nook; a little, rustic boy, with loose hanging auburn hair, and hazel eyes full of thought and humor, that watched the curling smoke in the old chimney, and saw ghosts and smokes dancing and writhing in the gray wreaths, and fairies coming and going in the mounting sparks; a quaint, precocious boy, who thought strange thoughts, and had wild fancies, noticing all things, dreaming, jesting, yearning, loving, satirizing in the simple boy and rustic fashion that should one day be the fashion of *Jacques*, of *Hamlet*, and *Romeo*, and *Falstaff*, of *Hal* and *Mercutio*. How often did he watch the Winter stars up that old chimney in the cold nights? How many of the fancies and similes and metaphors that are the whole world's household words to-day, had their germs in the boy's dreams by that angle-nook?

From the house in Henleigh Street, through the green lanes out to Shottery, was but following in our poet's footsteps. It is little more than an hour's stroll to the half dozen old thatched cottages, hidden among tall hedgerows, in one of which Anne Hathaway lived, and the phantom of the Warwickshire peasant lad, a stripling eager with his first love-fever, went singing before us all the way. The cottage can be little changed since his day; the old plastered brick and stone, half-hidden by climbing roses and thick tangled vines, the thick brown thatch shelving low above the little many paned windows, and the tall holly and hornbeam hedges that shut in a little crowded wilderness of garden, must all have looked the same to the lover's eyes as he came by the road or through the fields from Stratford. We saw it through a down-pour of rain, for a sudden shower had come up with a thunderous bank of black clouds, and we were fain to make a run from the carriage to the little rose-bowered porch—dashing through a swarm of small children who stood serenely in the pelting rain, holding up their sunburnt hands full of nosegays, roses and clove-pinks, and pansies, and waiting patiently for pennies. The old dame who met us in the porch, smiling and courtesying, and ready to seize our dripping umbrellas, was a much more cheerfully human personage than the custodian of the Shakespeare house, and her cottage—she claims, by-the-way, to be a lineal descendant of the original Hathaways, and that the house has never passed out of the family—is so quaintly homelike a place that it is no hard task to people it with the life of Shakespeare's time. The long, low window, with its deep window seat and tiny dim leaded panes; the dark oak wainscoting, and heavy smoke-blackened beams that cross the low ceiling; the old oak dresser, with its bits of cracked blue china, and the great fireplace, with its oak jambs and high, narrow chimney-piece, all black and glossy as ebony with centuries of smoke and soot; all these are unchanged, and coeval with them seem the scant bits of old furniture, the tall brass candlesticks, the crane and the shimmering tea-kettle in the fireplace. Beside the hearth stands an old worn oaken settee, with a faded curtain stretched on a cord and rings behind it, to keep off draughts; and this, the dame tells us, used to stand outside against the cottage wall, and there Anne and her lover sat, while that little drama of first love played itself out—that drama that was sadder in its commonplace ending than the saddest and most heart-breaking of all his tragedies, since the woe of it lay, not in death or separation, but in satiety and weariness.

We went up the steep, worn stairway to the two little squalid upper rooms, where there was some old carved furniture said to have belonged to the Hathaways, and where we heard the rain pouring and streaming on the thatch, like myriads of tiny tramping feet; and then out into the garden, where the old woman must needs gather us a nosegay, and draw us water from the old well; preparing herself for the sojourn by slipping on a pair of tall pattens which stood in a corner of the stone-paved entry, like wooden sandals mounted on muffin-rings, in company with a large, battered, blue gingham umbrella. Everything was dripping and sparkling in rainy glimpses of sun, and every holly leaf and spike of gray lavender, every rose and sweet pea-blossom and stock and wall-flower was hung with wet jewels. We drank the sweet cold well water, and went away with laden hands; and it was not good Mrs. Baker whom I saw at the last, smiling a wrinkled smile among the white roses, but a tall, buxom, pleasant beauty, in a quaint and homely garb—a ripe beauty, who won the heart of a dreaming boy long years ago, and losing it again too quickly, left it with a scar for ever.

"A young man married is a man that's married." G. A. DAVIS.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-SPEAKER GALUSHA GROW has declined the Republican nomination for Congress from the Fifteenth Pennsylvania District.

It is William H. Shakespeare, not William Shakespeare, whom the Michigan Democrats have nominated for Secretary of State.

MISS BEATRIX DU MAURIER, daughter of the artist of *Punch*, whose face and figure have frequently furnished him a model, has just been married.

RICHARD TWEED, the eldest son of the late William M. Tweed, of New York, died at a madhouse near Paris last week. His mind had been affected for several years.

THE REMAINS of the late J. A. MacGahan, the famous newspaper correspondent, were received at Columbus, O., last week, with distinguished honors. They will be finally interred at New Lexington on the 11th instant.

SECRETARY FOLGER has not been well for several weeks, and some anxiety is felt as to his condition. He is now at his home at Geneva, N. Y., where, at last accounts, he was slowly improving. His illness is due to overwork.

GREAT anxiety is expressed at the condition of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the African traveler. It seems he is not ill, but has lost all vestige of good looks and is like unto "bad parchment." The adjective puts the quality very low indeed.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her *debut*, or what may be called her silver wedding with the stage, by singing in New York on November 24th, her *debut* having been made on November 24th, 1859.

THOMAS A. EDISON is slightly deaf, and says he would not be cured for \$10,000—there are so many disagreeable things, such as ice-wagons and junk-carts, railroad trains, bores, political speeches, cats and telephones, which he is relieved from hearing.

MR. GLADSTONE started for Scotland last week, being everywhere received with enthusiasm, and his Midlothian campaign promises to be famous in political annals. Fabulous sums are already offered for seats at the meetings where the "Grand Old Man" is to appear, and it is a noticeable fact that the reporters of provincial and metropolitan newspapers are already arranging for elaborate reports of the proceedings.

DION BOUCICAULT is busy getting up a collection of his plays with a view to their publication. Only a few of his plays have been printed. Mr. Boucicault claims the authorship of about 400 plays altogether, but he does not intend to put all in his collection. The number he does intend putting in is about fifty. The collection, which will contain copious notes relating to the production of the plays and the author's part in the performances, will make ten volumes.

THE crippled artist, Marion Foster, whom Fanny Davenport, the actress, discovered and assisted two or three years since, is a familiar figure at Saratoga this season. She is still physically helpless, and gets about by means of a wheeled coach, but her fortunes seem to have greatly mended, for she boards in a fashionable house and is propelled by a negro servant. Her income is derived from the artistic work of her own hands. One night a robber bold broke into her room, and she heroically drove him forth by shooting at him with a revolver.

EVERYWHERE in England are Americans on the stage. Miss Callhoun is permanently attached to the Haymarket Company, Linda Dietz to the St. James's, and Mary Jansen to the Criterion. Mary Anderson's photographs still appear in every shop window. The names of Booth, Barrett, Raymond, Lotta and Minnie Palmer are about as familiar there as here; and it is said that some individual members of Daly's company are liked in London, especially James Lewis, the comedian, who is said to have received offers which will induce him to remain there.

MRS. EMMA DEXTER gave a charming morning song recital at the Newport Casino recently, attracting a large attendance, which included many notable residents of the elegant city by the sea. The programme, consisting of two such great arias as Hadyn's "With Verdure Clad," and Mendelssohn's "Infelice," together with a group of German *lieder* and English ballads, an air with variations by Rode, the shadow song from "Dinorah," and Gounod's arrangement of Bach's "Ave Maria," tested the versatility of the singer and exhibited her remarkable powers of voice and execution to great advantage. The concert gave much pleasure, and will doubtless be repeated.

MR. WILLIAM FULLERTON's clever operetta, "Grasper's Ghost," re-named "The Miser," has been produced at the Prince's Theatre, London, after having been first brought out in Miss Ricardo's drawing-room and sung by an amateur company, with considerable success. Since Mr. Fullerton has chosen the musical profession, his career has been steadily upward. Beginning with the composition of songs and *salon* pieces for the pianoforte, he now enters the ranks of operatic composers, and the reports of his success that have reached this country afford very gratifying evidence that he has not made any mis-step in so doing. The music of "The Miser" is exceedingly bright and pretty, and decidedly original, and the operetta should certainly be heard from some stage in New York, the city in which the composer was born. The London papers are exceedingly flattering in their criticisms of "Love is Strong and Can Prevail," and also of the solo, "When I was Young," while "Let us be Happy and Gay" is pronounced to be a song which will speedily become popular.

MESSRS. ST. JOHN and DANIELL, candidates of the National Prohibition Party for President and Vice-President, were formally notified of their nomination, at Cuba, N. Y., last week. In accepting the nomination, Governor St. John said that the prohibition issue "is the only one to-day that really reaches the heart and conscience of the citizen. Upon this issue we go to the people, the source of all political power. Let us appeal to reason rather than to prejudice. Let those resort to personal abuse and scandal who have nothing better to uphold their cause. The Prohibition Party was not organized as a mere threat or menace. It is the outgrowth of a rapidly-increasing sentiment against the great evil of the age—an evil that the old parties dare not attack, but against which this young party of the people, in defense of the homes of the nation, has entered upon a warfare that shall never cease so long as the flag of our country waves its protecting folds over legalized dram-shops."



"WE GIE'S IT ALL TO T'WIDDIES"



A BIT OF KENILWORTH.



A CORNER OF SHAKESPEARE'S FIRESIDE.



AT ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.



IN THE HIGH-STREET, WARWICK.



"THE GREAT ALL," WARWICK CASTLE.



WEST VIRGINIA.—HON. EDWIN MAXWELL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.  
PHOTO. BY PARSONS.

HON. EDWIN MAXWELL,  
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF WEST VIRGINIA.

EDWIN MAXWELL, of Clarksburg, the nominee of the Republican and Greenback Labor parties for Governor of West Virginia, was born at Weston Lewis County, in that State, and is fifty-four years of age. His father was a carpenter by trade, and a man of great force of character. While the son was quite young he exchanged his shop for a farm near the town, where he reared his family and still lives at a great age, being ninety-six years old. Young Edwin remained on the farm, engaged in all the duties of farm life, and at times working at the carpenter trade with his father until near twenty-one years of age, when he began the study of law. His education was somewhat limited, but by hard and constant study he soon became fully qualified for the profession which he had chosen, and was admitted to the practice of the law, and in 1853 located at West Union, in Doddridge County, where he has ever since kept an office. In 1857 he formed a law partnership with Colonel B. Despard, of Clarksburg, under the firm name of Despard & Maxwell, which continued

until 1865, when General Nathan Goff, Jr., now a member of Congress from the First West Virginia District, was admitted, the firm being Despard, Maxwell & Goff. This firm continued until 1867, when Maxwell, who had been elected in 1866 a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, went on the Bench. At the time of the formation of the State, in 1863, Judge Maxwell was elected a State Senator, and again re-elected in 1864. He served with some distinction, having, during all his time, been Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, until April, 1866, when he was appointed Attorney-general of the State, which position he held when elected to the Supreme Court.

Upon the adoption of the new Constitution of the State in 1872, he was legislated out of office by the change, and since then has pursued his profession with eminent success. In 1880 the Republican Party again nominated him for Judge of the Supreme Court, but the State being strongly Democratic, the ticket was defeated, the majority being less against him, however, than any other candidate. As a legislator, he had few superiors. As Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, at the time of the revision of the laws for the new State, he occupied a position of great responsibility, the duties of which he discharged with great ability and success. As a judge, he was industrious and painstaking, and his decisions were remarked for their conciseness and perspicuity. In every position he has discharged his official duties faithfully and with admitted ability. He is a man of few words and most rigid morals. In every instance the office, in his case, has sought the man, his ability, integrity and popularity having commended him to men of all parties. The scheme of the coalition of the Republican and Greenback Labor parties of West Virginia having been determined upon, the State Convention of the last named party on the 23d of May last nominated him for Governor as the man who would be the strongest and most acceptable to that party as well as to Republicans. His nomination was ratified, July 30th, by the State Republican Convention at Parkersburg, composed of over twelve hundred delegates, amid the wildest enthusiasm. He is, and ever has been, a man of the people and a commoner in its truest sense. His supporters claim to regard his election as almost certain.

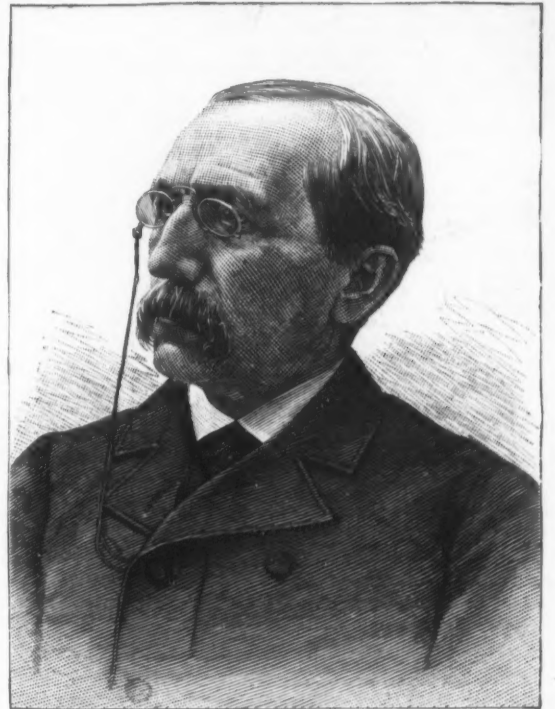
HON. HENRY B. HARRISON,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

HON. HENRY B. HARRISON, the Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, is one of the foremost lawyers of the State, and a gentleman of exalted character, whose influence has always been employed on the side of pure politics and cleanly administration. In the State Legislature he has been conspicuous as the champion of many important measures, and as the representative of the best impulses of his party. His nomination for the Governorship was the outcome of a popular demand which could not be resisted, and if any Republican can carry the State, he is undoubtedly the man.

#### THE FAT MEN'S CLAMBAKE.

THE fifteenth annual clambake of the Fat Men's Association, which took place at Dorlon Point, Conn., on the 27th ultimo, was an occasion of great interest to the adipose individuals from



CONNECTICUT.—HON. H. B. HARRISON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.  
PHOTO. BY STUART.

New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Stamford, Norwalk, Bridgeport, New Haven, and other places, who participated in it. The heaviest man present was Mr. Charles Wolfe, who proudly pointed to a record of 429 pounds. Another great man among the great men was Mr. Peter Murphy, the secretary and treasurer of the club, who ruined the scales after running the pointer up to 425 pounds. Two other members boasted the same weight—Messrs. T. C. Sessions and J. E. Wheeler. Ex-President Charles W. Bradley, of New Haven, who held the high office in 1871 and 1872, when he was a mere pigmy of 350 and 370 pounds for the respective terms, on this occasion stood proudly among his fellows with 401 pounds of flesh to his credit. Mr. T. J. Cole came next in weight and the esteem of his fellows, with 390 pounds; Mr. A. J. Roberts weighed 380; Mr. L. V. Kerr and Mr. Harvey Elliott, 330 each; Mr. Oliver M. Ferguson, 373; Mr. A. Hawkins, 375; President Philetus Dorlon, 340; and Mr. Horace H. Brockaway, of New York, 320. The rest of the throng were comparative lightweights, but few of whom could have strained a scale above the 300-pound mark—men at whom the others pointed the finger of scorn as objects who would be fat but could not.



CONNECTICUT.—FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CLAMBAKE OF THE FAT MEN'S ASSOCIATION AT DORLON POINT, AUGUST 27TH.—UNCOVERING "THE BAKE."  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

The bake was prepared under the auspices of J. C. Blake, of Brooklyn, an artist in clams. Mr. Blake first had an excavation lined with stones, made in the earth close to the water, which was filled with seasoned hickory logs up to within about two feet of the surface, and the fire started. When the stony envelope had absorbed just the right amount of heat, fifty-five bushels of the finest clams to be obtained in the Sound were placed within it. With them were put 1,000 Spring chickens, 600 lobsters, 3,500 ears of corn, and 1,500 pounds of fish. All the morning the savory feast cooked and steamed below the seaweed, and it was not until three o'clock that everything was discovered to be cooked to just the proper degree of felicity. Then the hungry guests proceeded to the dining-pavilion, which overlooks the Sound, where they sat down at thirty long tables, radiating from a centre in which the musicians were placed. A square iron box, holding 100 clams, was set before each man, and plates of lobster, fish and chicken were scattered all long, and filled up as soon as they were emptied. It was a long while before any one stopped eating, and the bushels of clams and flocks of chickens were washed away in a grand, gurgling stream of beer. After the dinner came the ceremony of weighing and the election of officers—Mr. Dorlon being again chosen president, although he protested that there were other men in the club who were worthier than he to adorn the president's chair because they were fatter.

Our illustration shows the uncovering of "the bake," and the fat men in line of battle for the deadly assault.

#### MOLTKE THE SILENT.

A WRITER in *Blackwood's Magazine* says: "Moltke the Silent—*der Schweiger*—as he is called, is generally considered the greatest, and certainly the most successful, of living soldiers. His achievements at Koniggratz, Sedan and Paris, have never been surpassed, and compel the admiration of all competent military critics. Silent, quiet, cold, the very incarnation of concentrated thought, just as you see him walking in the streets or moving in a drawing-room, when everybody stands respectfully aside to let him pass—so he stood on the battlefield, his cold, clear eye passing slowly from one point to the other, and his cold, clear mind weighing the chances of victory and defeat with the intensity and serenity of a mathematician pondering over the solution of some grave problem. No one, it is said, has ever seen Count Moltke excited, not even at Sedan, where the greatest victory of modern times decided the fortunes of the two most powerful empires of the Continent. His calmness seems mysterious, almost awful, and there is something strangely sad about that silent, lonely old man. His wife died some years ago; he never had a child; his nearest relations, with the exception of a nephew and a niece, seem to be kept at a distance by him. Who are his companions and his friends? To whom does he ever talk in a friendly, familiar way? Nobody has ever been able to tell me, though I have often inquired. An old man of eighty-four, he still appears without fail wherever duty calls him. He is to be seen at almost all the Emperor's receptions, the most striking personage, near the throne. But how does the old Field Marshal pass his time when free from duty, when tired of work? Nobody pretends to know. Either nobody penetrates into his intimacy, or else those who approach him intimately do not speak of it. When the weather is fine you may see a very tall, thin man, with very light yellowish hair and a sorrowful, beardless, wrinkled face, out of which shine a pair of stony gray eyes, wrapped in a long, dark military cloak, and a cap on his small head, faultlessly dressed in a general's uniform—a gentleman born in every inch of his aristocratic, slender figure, his body still erect, but his head as in deep thought slightly bent forward—such a man, I say, you may see coming out of the great red building which stands on the Koenigs-Platz, at the corner of 'Moltke' and 'Bismarck' Streets, and which bears the name of 'General Stab.' The solitary old man, unattended by a servant, walks slowly, noiselessly. Every one who meets him looks at him attentively; if the passer-by is a soldier he stands on one side and salutes. The old general returns the salute slowly and deliberately, but apparently without seeing to whom. Every time I see him the thought occurs to me that in such guise Dante must have passed through the streets of Florence. That is General Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke, one of the strangest characters the world has ever produced. It is well worth going to Berlin to see that great historical personage."

#### CHINESE MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The employment of acupuncture and cauterization by Chinese doctors forms the subject of an article in one of the last numbers of the *North China Herald*. A native public writer not long since claimed that a skillful physician in this department of medicine could cure such diseases as imbecility, fits, cholera, etc. The principle of cauterization is simply that of counter-irritation; and the English writer bears personal testimony to its efficacy in the case of a slight stroke, although the operator was a simple Manchian peasant, and instrument a couple of copper coins. Very extraordinary cures are attributed to acupuncture by the Chinese. It is first performed in the hollow of the elbow of each arm. If the puncture draws blood there is no danger, but if no blood appears the case is regarded as very grave. But before abandoning the sufferer, puncture of the abdomen is tried. Seizing a handful of flesh, the operator drives the needle right through it, and then draws it backwards and forwards a few times. If the patient manifests any sense of pain, or if any blood is drawn, a poultice of eggs and buckwheat flour is applied over the puncture, and recovery is regarded as almost certain; but if no pain is felt and no blood flows, the case is declared hopeless, and the sufferer is left to die. The case is then quoted of a young Chinese, educated abroad, who was attacked with cholera; his extremities became cold, and cramp set in in a somewhat alarming manner. The barber-surgeon who was called in commenced by running a needle into the pit of the patient's stomach, a jet of very dark blood following; he then punctured the calf, the two breasts, and the forehead of the sufferer, freeing a certain quantity of blood at each prick. The relief is said to have been instantaneous, and in two days recovery was complete. The Chinese explanation of this treatment is that, when the blood is in the poisoned condition which induces the choleraic symptoms, it becomes thick, and accumulates in certain portions of the body. A clever surgeon knows exactly how to put his finger on the particular spots, and, by skillfully "opening the mouth of the heart," as the operation is called, sets free the poisoned fluid which causes all the mischief.

#### CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

No. 15,365.

NEW ORLEANS MEN WIN PARTS OF THE CAPITAL PRIZE OF \$75,000.

EUGENE GAUDINS, warehouseman for Messrs. B. Onorato & Co., for some time, is a good and trusty worker. He was comparatively happy at his home, No. 251 St. Peter Street, and in his walks he passed a place in which the tickets of the Louisiana State Lottery Company are displayed. He had purchased tickets in partnership with his fellow-workers. During August he saw displayed one which particularly struck his fancy—No. 15,365. Whether it was the peculiar arrangement of the 5s or the magical placing of the 3, even Gaudins is at a loss to explain. But that particular ticket haunted him—peeped out enticingly from the window, begging plainly to be bought. The day was close at hand, and still it hung in the window. Its comrades were dropping off, and when the last day, the 12th, arrived, it was almost to be pitted for its loneliness. Gaudins each day glanced hastily to see if his little friend was still in place, started several times to walk boldly in and buy on his sole account; but the old trammels of the partnership arrangement held him until the last moment. Ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th he held safely in his own possession one-fifth of the coveted ticket. The revolutions of the wheel at the Academy of Music brought out No. 15,365 as drawing the capital prize. The fact was published and came soon to the ears of Gaudins, who yesterday was poor, but to-day, by the investment of a dollar, ranks among the "bondholders."

He called at the office of the Louisiana State Lottery Co. with Mr. B. Onorato, and was promptly paid in full. A reporter wanted to know what he proposed to do, and he answered that he would buy a nice home for his family, and that seeing them placed beyond the reach of want and in comfort would be as much happiness as he desired. The balance of his money he would try to invest profitably, and would himself continue to play his modest part, unspoiled by prosperity. He signed his name neatly to the receipt for the money, and went out of the office of the Lottery as happy and contented a man as the Crescent City now contains. —*New Orleans Picayune*, August 15th.

Hearing that another fortunate holder of a part of the lucky number, 15,365, drawing \$75,000 in the August scheme of the Louisiana State Lottery, was on hand to collect his money, a reporter interviewed him. Mr. Louis Seymour, the fortunate gentleman, was found in the office of the Lottery with two friends. He had presented his one-fifth ticket, and was awaiting the making out of the check for the amount it called for. While appreciating fully his fortune he was perfectly cool and pleasant.

He told the reporter that he was a native of Memphis, Tenn., and served in the Confederate army in the battle of Shiloh under Generals Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard. His health, impaired by army service, had grown much worse of late years, and he came here to benefit himself. As his means were limited, he went to work on the buildings of the great World's Fair to be held in New Orleans next winter. He stuck to it steadily for nearly five months, although it almost counterbalanced the good done him by the genial climate. He was a firm believer in luck, and never failed to purchase a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery. His experiment in purchasing No. 15,365 has confirmed him in his belief. He was pleased with the country and the people; was delighted with everything, and hoped to enjoy his good fortune. He had not formed any distinct plans for the future, but would remain at ease for some time recuperating, not forgetting always to try his luck in the lottery that had proved such a bonanza to him. —*New Orleans Picayune*, August 16th.

#### FUN.

When the quartette of an opera company leaves, it is a four gone conclusion that the music will be bad.

"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is the female mosquito which torments man." A bachelor thinks that it is not at all curious.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—she had seen a man finishing one. "He was just nailing on his last foot," she said.

AUSTRALIAN water produces a fish strong enough to jump out of an aquarium and skip around on the floor. By a little thoughtful attention this fish might be learned to dip itself in salt and butter and jump into a frying-pan and fry itself.

FIRST SWELL: "By Jove, Fred, that is quite the highest collar I've struck yet." *Second Swell*: "Think so, old man? Well, I don't mind telling you, it's a little idea of my own. It's one of the governor's cuffs."

Of a Connecticut man just deceased it is related that he left a mass of newspapers, never having thrown away one for sixty years. Fritz isn't afraid to wager something that he has not a complete file of any one of them if he had a wife and children.

A WESTERN paper says that a Russian named Zozoff Kolozpoff Zalesczaky was arrested the other day for being drunk, but was discharged when it was learned that the suspicious symptoms were due to the fact that he was telling some one what his name was. The judge advised him to change his name to John Smith.

#### WITHOUT A PARALLEL IN MEDICAL HISTORY.

The remarkable results which have attended the administration of the Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. STARKY & PALEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, for chronic and so-called "incurable diseases," are without a parallel in medical history. As dispensers of this new Treatment, they have, after thirteen years of earnest, untiring and costly effort to introduce it to those who need its vitalizing and health-restoring influences, succeeded in resting its claims on the basis of facts and results of so wide and universal a character—facts and results on record, and open to the closest investigations—that no room for a question remains as to its marvelous action in restoring the diseased to health. If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to arrest or cure, write to Drs. STARKY & PALEN, and they will send you documents and reports of cases from which you will be able to decide for yourself as to your chances for relief under their new Treatment.

"CHOLERA!" exclaimed an old Lexington farmer. "Great Caesar! man, don't tell me that this country is threatened with cholera again." "Yes, it's got into France, and without proper precautions may reach America." "It's terrible," he groaned. "Why, last year I lost four of the finest hogs you ever saw with the cholera." "But this is not hog cholera; it's Asiatic cholera." "Oh!" said the farmer, looking much relieved, "I was afraid it was hog cholera."

#### Mischief is Wrought

By bad cooking, tough meats, late hours, business worries, irregular livers, sour dispositions, evil digestion and impure blood. Much of this mischief can be overcome by the use of Dr. Fritz's Iron Bitters—the best tonic ever made. Mrs. Emily Crawford, Reidsville, Ga., writes: "After trying Brown's Iron Bitters we are persuaded that it is all that it claims to be—a good and reliable tonic." Thousands of others speak in like manner.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

DR. O. G. CILLEY, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia, and derangement of the liver and kidneys."

#### LIFE-PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

For nervous and sick headache, nervousness, biliousness, dyspepsia, take Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic.

#### "ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Face-ache. Ask for "ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE." 15¢ and 25¢.

#### THE PEOPLE'S WORLD-WIDE VERDICT.

BURNETT'S COCAINE has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the *cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world*.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.

#### PRETTY WOMEN.

LADIES who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

HALFORD SAUCE makes cold meat a luxury.

#### "ROUGH ON PAIN."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhoea; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25¢ and 50¢.

The highest medical authorities concede ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD to be the best prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 80 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in this paper.)

#### "ROUGH ON ITCH."

"ROUGH ON ITCH" cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bites, chilblains.

"GIVE me time, Aunt Tabithy," said I. "A good dinner, and after it a pipe of good tobacco, and I will serve you such a sunshiny sheet of revelry, all twisted out of smoke, as will make your kind old heart ache." —*Reveries of a Bachelor*. Ik Marvel knew what good tobacco was, and how to enjoy it. A pipe of BLACKWELL'S DURHAM LONG CUT was to him a reservoir of Elysian dreams, whose reading will make the world laugh and cry for all time.

#### THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

CHILDREN, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

If you make it a rule to flavor all your cold drinks with ten or fifteen drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS, you will keep free from summer diseases and have your digestive organs in good order. But be sure you get the genuine article, manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

#### "ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.

Pain and strengthening; improved; the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25¢. Druggists or mail.

THE proof of the pudding is in the eating. Why, then, buy an inferior article, when you can get CANTRELL & COCHRAN'S GINGER ALE everywhere?

#### NIGHT-SWEATS.

HEADACHE, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." 15¢.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

#### YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

#### GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPE'S COCOA.** BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPE & CO. Homeopathic Chemists, London England.

#### APRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, or either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., America, MINE.

#### NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes, The Vegetal Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within 4 days). Only harmless specifics procured by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. PARIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. Branch, 303 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

#### Catarrh Cured for \$2.

I HAVE made this horrible disease a subject of special study, and the result of a thorough scientific investigation is that catarrh is the lodgment of the eggs of an insect in the nasal organs (or nose). Those eggs are floating in the air, inhaled through the nostrils, where they are caught and hatched, and feeding in early life upon the tissues in which they are imbedded, they destroy them, disfiguring the face, undermining the health, and leaving a putrid and loathsome breath. My remedy will destroy the eggs and the insect within ten days; will sweeten the breath and permanently cure the patient. On receipt of \$2 by mail I will send medicine which will cure the worst case of catarrh, or return the money. Address,

DR. A. E. COX,

202 East 16th Street, New York City.

#### SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

#### WHITE AND DECORATED

Fine French China and Best Porcelain

AT LOW PRICES.

Fine White Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 pieces \$14.00  
Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 100 p'cs 22.00  
Gold-band China Tea Sets, 44 p'cs, \$8.50; white 7.50  
Richly Decorated China Tea Sets, 44 pieces... 12.00  
Decorated Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, \$4; white 3.00  
Decorated Dinner Sets, all colors and designs 30.00  
Decorated Parlor & Brass Hanging Lamps, etc. 5.00

ALSO ALL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Illustrated Catalogue and Price-list mailed free on application. Estimates and information furnished.

C. L. HADLEY, 1-17 Cooper Institute, N.Y. City  
Orders packed and placed on car or steamer free of charge. Sent C.O.D., or on receipt of P.O.M. Order.

#### GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods.

317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.  
**C. WEIS,** Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna, Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

#### ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

#### THE Leading Literary Family Journal.

Frank Leslie's

#### CHIMNEY CORNER.

Original Serial Novels, Short Stories, Sketches, Biographies, Poetry, Foreign and Domestic Gossip, Anecdotes, etc., etc. The Most Popular Writers contribute to its columns, and the embellishments are by our Best Artists.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner is published every Monday, price 10 cents at all newsdealers'. Annual subscription, \$4, postpaid. Send 5 cents for a specimen copy.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

Wit, Humor, Adventure, Anecdote.

Frank Leslie's

#### BUDGET.

A Monthly Magazine of Humorous & Sparkling Stories, Tales of Heroism, Adventure, Poetry, Satire, etc., etc.

Ninety-six Quarto Pages, and over One Hundred Illustrations.

The "BUDGET" commends itself to parties undertaking a journey, and will prove a

HIGHLY ENTERTAINING TRAVELING COMPANION.

Sold by all newsdealers, price 30 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00, postpaid.

SEND 20 CENTS FOR A SPECIMEN COPY.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, New York.

## HEALTH

is not possible when the blood is impure, and recovery from any ailment must be slow and uncertain while that condition continues. The Blood may be corrupted by the taint of Hereditary Scrofula, and the poisons of Mercurial and Contagious Diseases, and also by impurities implanted in it through excesses in living, improper food, derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, and other causes. The first external evidences of such vitiation are Blackheads, Pimples, Sties, Eruptions, and Boils. Yet more serious are the symptoms showing its internal effects in depression of the Spirits, Lassitude, Weakness without effort, Headaches, Dizziness, and enfeebled circulation. Be warned in time!

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only medicine that will thoroughly purify the blood. In millions of cases, during nearly forty years in which it has been the best hope of humanity suffering from vitiation of the life-current, it has effected cures beyond the power of any other remedy. Leading physicians know its composition from the most powerful alteratives, diuretics, and tonics, and prescribe it in their practice.

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all druggists: Price \$1;  
six bottles for \$5.

## H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS

ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS,  
Steam Packings, Mill Board, Gaskets,  
Sheathings, Fire-proof Coatings, Cements, &c.  
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LISTS.

H. W. Johns Mfg Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

To Lovers of English Pale Ale

We recommend



"BURKE'S"  
Light Sparkling Pale Ale

As the Finest English Ale Bottled.  
REFRESHING, INVIGORATING, AND CONSTITUTING AN APPETIZING TONIC, WHILE SLIGHTLY STIMULATING.  
EASY OF DIGESTION.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

EDWARD AND JOHN BURKE,  
DUBLIN AND LIVERPOOL,  
Proprietors of  
BURKE'S RED-HEAD BRAND OF STOUT.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



"CANTRELL & COCHRANE" DUBLIN & BELFAST.  
E. & J. BURKE, Gen. Agts., New York.

## RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. J. A. Sherman's method without injurious, tormenting trusses; no operation or restriction from labor; thousands have been cured during the past thirty-five years; abundant references given. Descriptive book, 10 cents. Office, 251 Broadway.

## OPIUM Habit Cured

A certain and sure cure, without inconvenience, and at home. An antidote that stands purely on its own merits. Send for my Circular (it costs you nothing), containing certificates of hundreds that have been permanently cured. I claim to have discovered and produced the FIRST, ORIGINAL AND ONLY SURE CURE FOR OPIUM-EATING.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.

## FREE TRIAL

Thousands of cases of Nervous and Physical Debility and Nervous Prostration, any cause cured by NERVITA. Strong faith that it will cure any case prompts me to send any one trial package on receipt of 12 cts. for postage, etc. DR. A. G. OLIN, Box 242, Chicago, Ill.

## A BOON TO MEN

All those who, from any cause, are weak, unnerfed, low-spirited and physically exhausted, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. The Medical Weekly says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Weakness, etc., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON REMEDY." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect health. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 12th St., New York.

SEVEN SPRINGS MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Monroe, N. Y. Accommodation for 400 guests. Elevation 2,000 feet. First-class family hotel. No malaria or mosquitoes; music and dancing and amusements. Saddle horses and livery. Mineral waters and air-cure, kidney complaints, gravel, dyspepsia, throat complaints and hay fever. DAVISON & CO., Props.

Van Loan's Catskill Mountain Guide with bird's-eye view, maps, and description of eighty-two hotels and boarding-houses among the Catskills, many of them accompanied with illustrations of houses and surrounding scenery. Mailed on receipt of forty cents in coin or postage-stamps. Address, WALTER VAN LOAN, Catskill, N. Y.

**CAMPAIGN GOODS**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
Complete sample suit sent on receipt of \$1.00. Sample Badge, 10c. Special price to clubs. Illustrated price list, free.  
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,  
MANUFACTURERS,  
108 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

**GUNTHER'S CANDY.**  
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, CHICAGO.  
[Refers to all Chicago.]  
A sample order by express of the finest candy in America will be sent to any address for \$1.25, \$3.00, or \$5.00. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Try it once.

MOSAIC PATCHWORK. We send enough blocks for \$1, including diagram showing how to put them together. N. Y. Silk and Supply Co., 338 Broadway, N. Y.

## A New Serial of Thrilling Interest, ENTITLED "The Death Mark,"

—BY—  
GARRETT WALKER,

Will be commenced in  
FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY  
—FOR—  
NOVEMBER,  
Issued Wednesday, October 15th.

"THE DEATH MARK" is by a Southern author, who has already made his mark in the department of fiction, and has proved himself to be one of the rising novelists of the country, in the strong and striking plot, in the clear portrayal of character, and in the analysis of thought and feeling, that make the reader mingle with the *dramatis personae* as with real and living personages.  
The novel now announced will add greatly to his reputation, and give him a high rank here and abroad.

The Cheapest and Best of the Sunday Periodicals.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
Sunday Magazine  
T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,  
EDITOR.

The October Number Now Ready.

**THE CONTENTS**  
Are varied, entertaining, instructive, and of pure and devout tone, and embrace articles by Rev. Geo. T. Rider, "The Young Men's Christian Association" of the XIXth Century; "A Trip Through South Holland," "The Gospel of the Backwoods," "Historical Attractions of Inwood," "Titian's Religious Paintings," "A Tradition of Ireland," by Mrs. Angeline E. Alexander; "Portrait Gallery of Eminent Authors—Captain Mayne Reid," "Christchurch Cathedral, Dublin," etc. The above are elaborately illustrated.  
"Clare Linton's Friend" (Chaps. VII.-VIII.), illustrated; "Baby Bell," illustrated; "The Home Pulpit: Corn-husking Time," sermon by Dr. Talmage; "Turning Many to Righteousness," a discourse by D. L. Moody.  
Poems: "A Blessing on the Flowers," by Mrs. T. K. Hervey; "King Robert of Sicily," by Longfellow, illustrated; "A Song of a Leaf"; "The Days Long Ago," by Madeline S. Bridges, etc.  
Sketches, with Portraits: "The Rev. Jacob Abbott," "Hon. and Rev. Canon Anson," "Sophy Kovalevsky, a Russian Doctress of Mathematics," "Essays and Miscellany: "The Collection Basket," "Lord Tennyson's Ancestry," "The Longfellow Memorial," "Westminster Abbey," "Our Sunday-school Superintendents—Thos. S. Strong," "Personal and Religious Notes and News," "Editorial Comments," etc., etc.  
The engravings are numerous and in the best style of art.

Sold by all newsdealers. Price 25 cents per number; \$2.50 a year, postpaid. A specimen number sent on the receipt of 10 cents, addressed,  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,  
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

WITH \$5  
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE  
Imperial Austrian Vienna City Bond.  
These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums four times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

FOUR DRAWINGS ANNUALLY.

Until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw one of the following premiums, as there are NO BLANKS.

4 Bonds @ 200,000 florins.....	800,000 fl.
1 Bond @ 50,000 ".....	50,000 "
1 " @ 30,000 ".....	30,000 "
2 Bonds @ 20,000 ".....	40,000 "
2 " @ 10,000 ".....	20,000 "
2 " @ 5,000 ".....	10,000 "
20 " @ 1,000 ".....	20,000 "
12 " @ 400 ".....	4,800 "
12 " @ 300 ".....	3,600 "
24 " @ 250 ".....	6,000 "
2500 " @ 140 ".....	350,000 "
2500 " @ 130 ".....	325,000 "

Together 5,000 bonds, amounting to 1,649,600 florins.  
The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF OCTOBER,  
And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of October is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.  
Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and inclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly instalments.  
For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,  
160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, N. Y. City.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the U. S.  
N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in the English Frank Leslie's.

**Round Writing**  
Useful for Everybody.  
BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS & PENS  
Sold for 1.50 at all Stationers, or at  
KEUFFEL & ESSER, 127 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK  
Importers of Drawing Materials.

**LADIES**  
CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PILLS. Worth their weight in Gold. Full particulars. 2c.  
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Pall Mall, London, W.

**Lady Agents** can secure permanent employment, and good salary selling *Queen City* Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit free. Address *Queen City Suspenders Co., Cincinnati, O.*

**OPIUM**  
& WHISKY HABITS cured with Double Chloride of Gold. We challenge investigation. 10,000 Cures. Books free. The LESLIE E. KEELEY CO., DWIGHT, ILL.

**D. NEEDHAM'S SONS**  
Red Clover Blossoms  
& Fluid & Solid extracts of the Blossoms. Best Blood Purifier Known. Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, &c. Send for Circular. 157 Dearborn St., Chicago.

**HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.**  
A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone.—manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article used by the sporting fraternity to WIN with in games of chance. Send for my mammoth circular. Address, W. W. SUYDAM, 65 and 67 Nassau Street, New York City.

ELEGANT Pk of 50 Floral Beauties, mottoes, verses etc., name on, 10c. Todd & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

**HOPE FOR THE DEAF.**  
NICHOLSON'S Improved Artificial EAR DRUMS. The only sure, easy, and unseen device used to permanently restore hearing. Recommended by scientific men of Europe and America. Write for free illustrated descriptive book to J. H. NICHOLSON, 7 Murray St., New York.

The Most Comprehensive and Cheapest Magazine Published!

FRANK LESLIE'S  
Popular Monthly.

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE REPRESENTED, CONTRIBUTED BY POPULAR WRITERS.

The September Number Now Ready.

The varied contents embrace articles on "The Presidential Canvass of 1884" (nine illustrations); "Across the Pampas," by Norton Rutherford (nine illustrations); "The Tiger of the Sea," by C. F. Holder (illustrated); "New York After the Revolution," by Evert A. Duyckinck (nine illustrations); "Hunting an Empire's Ghost," by Alfred Trumble (four illustrations); "The Scientific Schools of the United States," by E. J. Hallock, Ph.D. (twelve illustrations); "Chamouni," by Frederick Daniel (illustrated); etc., etc. Serial and Short Stories: "A Dark Deed," by Etta W. Pierce; "In a Grange Garden," by Annie Thomas; "Private Theatricals," "Cora Gray," by the Author of "Beautiful Snow"; "Sam Brandenburg's Great-granddaughter," by K. V. Hastings; etc., etc. Poems by favorite writers; Sketches, Anecdotes, Adventures, etc., etc. 128 quarto pages, over 100 illustrations, and a beautiful colored-plate frontispiece, "The Bitter with the Sweet."  
Sold by all newsdealers. Price per number, 25 cents; or \$2.50 a year, postpaid. Send 10 cents for a specimen copy.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,  
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

## SULPHOLINE LOTION

THE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES!

IN A FEW DAYS  
Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches entirely fade away.  
Beautifully Fragrant. Perfectly Harmless.  
Cures Old-standing Skin Diseases—Eczema, Psoriasis, Tetter, Salt Rheum, etc.

It removes every kind of Eruption, Spot, or Blemish, and renders the Skin Clear, Smooth, Supple and Healthy.  
Sulpholine Lotion, the great British Skin Remedy, is sold by druggists everywhere.

DEPOT: HEGEMAN & CO., BROADWAY, N. Y.  
Made only by I. PEPPER & CO., London, England.

**PERFEZ** tone develops and restores strength and youth. \$1. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, P. O. BOX 1850, BOSTON.

## Frank Leslie's POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

Has been established for over a quarter of a century, and is universally regarded as the leading pictorial paper of the country, and without a rival as regards the artistic excellence of its illustrations and the variety and brightness of the contents. It is a faithful illustrated record of the current events of the day—political, social, scientific and commercial; and replete with entertainment and instruction. It contains, besides the domestic and foreign news of the week, editorials, serial and short stories, personal gossip, amusing cartoons, etc., etc.  
Published every Wednesday, price 10 cents. Annual subscription, \$4, postpaid. Specimen copy, 5c.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner

Has, for over twenty years, not only maintained its popularity, but has been constantly increasing; and it is at present, in all respects, far ahead of all its contemporaries, and unrivaled as a family journal, story paper and home friend. It, in fact, occupies a field which no other journal attempts to fill, and is in all respects a decidedly unique publication, appealing to all classes and all tastes. The contents embrace healthy fiction, attractive novels, sketches, novelettes, narratives, adventures, etc., etc., and is thus, from week to week, a library for a household that forms a perfect museum of attractions, the illustrations being of the highest character. There are sixteen pages, eight of which are beautifully embellished.

Published every Monday, price 10 cents. Annual subscription, \$4, postpaid. Specimen copy, 5 cts.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

Is the cheapest, most comprehensive and attractive of the monthly magazines. Its success has been unprecedented, and is alike due to the excellence of the literary and artistic departments, and to the vast amount of interesting, entertaining and instructive matter it contains. The best living writers contribute to it; every department of literature is represented, so that all tastes are gratified and all classes of readers derive entertainment and instruction. 128 quarto pages; over 100 engravings embellish each number, together with a handsome chromo frontispiece.

Published on the 15th of every month, price 25 cents, or \$2.50 per annum, postpaid. Specimen copy, 10 cts.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine,

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.

The cheapest Sunday magazine in the world: its merits have secured for it an immense circulation, and receive the warmest commendations of the religious and secular press. Pure and healthy in tone and teaching, strictly non-sectarian, it inculcates principles of morality and virtue, and presents the truth in its most attractive forms. There are interesting serials, short stories, adventures, essays, poems, and a miscellany embracing a large variety of subjects.

Published on the 10th of every month. 1 rice, single copy, 25 cents; annual subscription, \$2.50, postpaid. Specimen copy, 10 cts.

Frank Leslie's Budget

Contains humorous and sparkling stories, tales of heroism, adventures and satire. A most entertaining publication of 96 quarto pages, filled with interesting and most entertaining reading—a most delightful traveling companion. It is profusely and handsomely illustrated.

Published monthly, price 30 cents. Annual subscription, \$3, postpaid. Specimen copy, 10 cts.

Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours.

A monthly periodical, containing literature of the most pleasing character—tales, narratives, adventures, poetry, etc., etc. Every story is complete in each number, and the pages abound with beautiful engravings and exceedingly delightful and entertaining reading. A pleasant hour can always be passed in its company.

Price 15 cents a copy; annual subscription, \$1.50, postpaid. Specimen copy, 10 cts.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,

53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



To buy is not enough, but to buy wisely is economy. Experience and skill produce ready-made articles superior in fit, quality, style and durability, to custom-made work, and at less cost. The economical buyer, recognizing this fact, selects "the Hanan" shoe for its beauty, finish, material, perfect fit, and fair price. After one trial you will wear no other. Ask your shoe dealer for them.

HANAN & SON.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

## BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

# BEHNING PIANOS

Have universally received Highest Awards and Honors wherever exhibited for greatest Purity and Evenness of Tone, Elasticity of Touch, Simplicity of Action, Solidity of Construction, Excellence of Workmanship and Elegance of Finish, and are pronounced by leading Pianists and Musical Authorities

THE BEST NOW MADE.

Warerooms, 3 West 14th St., N. Y.

## A Profitable Investment

EACH \$5 DOUBLED MONTHLY, and LOSS RENDERED IMPOSSIBLE!

A New City, Beautifully Located.

Hinsdale City, adjoining beautiful Garden City—the "loveliest village of the plain"—and Creedmoor Rifle Range, N. Y. Several thousand building lots, surrounding Hinsdale depot, \$100 each, selling on monthly payments of \$5 per lot; four lots, \$10 per month. Prices advanced \$5 per lot monthly until present prices are at least doubled. Cottages \$10 monthly for each \$1,000 of cost. Nuisances and shanties prohibited; no malaria, chills, fevers or mosquitoes; climate, soil, drives and surroundings unsurpassed. Building optional with purchaser; fair dealing guaranteed; nothing overcolored. Buy for investment, residence or Summer home. New York will be

THE FUTURE CITY OF THE WORLD.

Property around it is rapidly increasing in value, and must continue to do so. You enter no uncertain venture by investing in Hinsdale. Prices are low compared with all other New York surroundings; increase certain; prospective value greater than any property equidistant. Hinsdale is 13 miles from New York—35 minutes by rail, and 5 minutes additional by Brooklyn Bridge or Ferry; and the commutation averages 10 cents per trip. It is on the main line of the Long Island Railroad, and is the junction for both Garden City and Creedmoor Rifle Range. Improvements proposed, etc., will render Hinsdale an attractive place of abode. Agents wanted of either sex. Circulars, etc., of

R. WILSON, Attorney,

335 Broadway, New York.

THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED BY  
**J. H. Bonnell & Co., N. Y.**



ACROSS THE BORDER.

## THE GATES OF PEARL.



## SMILES ARE BECOMING

Only when the lips display pretty teeth. The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

## SOZODONT

Which hardens and invigorates the gums, purifies and perfumes the breath, beautifies and preserves the teeth from youth to old age.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

STRONG, GRACEFUL—EVERY PART INTERCHANGEABLE.

STANCH AND RELIABLE

# COLUMBIA BICYCLES

FOR ROAD USE

THE POPULAR STEEDS FOR BUSINESS & PLEASURE

THE POPE MFG CO

597 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

"If I could not get another bicycle I would not give mine for its weight in solid gold. For fifteen years I lost from three to eight days every month with stubborn sick headaches. Since I have been riding the bicycle I have lost only two days from that cause, and I haven't spent a dollar for a doctor."

Rev. GEO. F. PENTECOST.

BRANCH HOUSE 12 WARREN ST. NEW YORK

## ERIE RAILWAY

(N. Y., L. E. and W. Railroad.)  
THE LANDSCAPE ROUTE OF AMERICA.  
Short, direct route between New York and all points West. Double Tracks, Steel Rails, Pullman Cars, Westinghouse Air-brakes, Speed, Safety, Comfort.

JNO. N. ABBOTT, General Pass. Agent, NEW YORK.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are Preferred by Leading Artists

HIGHEST AWARD CENTENNIAL, 1876.

HIGHEST AWARD MONTREAL, 1881-1882.

149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

## SPENCERIAN

FOR the convenience of those who may wish to try them, a  
**SAMPLE CARD**

Containing 26 Numbers, adapted to every style of writing, sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., 753 & 755 Broadway, N. Y.

# Friedrichshall

NATURAL BITTERWATER,

Called by J. VON LIEBIG "A Treasure of Nature," on account of its high degree of chlorides. Recommended as a mild aperient and well-tried curative for regular use by such medical authorities as Sir HENRY THOMPSON, VIRCHOW, FRERICHS, &c. Cures constipation, headache, indigestion, hemorrhoids, chronic catarrhal disorders of stomach and bowels, gravel, gout, congestion, diseases peculiar to females, impurities of blood and skin.—To be had of all Chemists and Dealers in Mineral Waters.

## RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Support, Relief, Comfort. AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.

DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE. The individual wearing it will not be conscious of its presence. Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular Mailed Free. Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely.

S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

## Paillard's MUSIC BOXES



ARE THE BEST.

They are the only ones that are sold by first-class dealers the world over. Send 2 cents for circular.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO., 680 Broadway, New York City.

## Dr. Young's Patent Electric Belts

A SURE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, WANT OF VITAL ENERGY, WEAKNESS OF BODY AND MIND, RHEUMATISM, &c. Write for pamphlet free.

DR. W. YOUNG, 445 Canal Street, New York.

## OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

## HALL'S HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its many years of test, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye

## WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all dealers in medicines.

## ANGLO-SWISS

TRADE MARK.

## Milk FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

Recommended by leading PHYSICIANS throughout the United States and Europe.

## CONDENSED MILK

For general use and especially for infants until the period of Dentition. (Chocolate & Milk) Cocoa and Milk Coffee and Milk

CONVENIENT and ECONOMICAL.

33 Million Tins sold in 1883.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS IN STATIONERY.

## STEEL PENS

Containing 26 Numbers, adapted to every style of writing, sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., 753 & 755 Broadway, N. Y.

## LOVELL



It is the nearest perfection yet made. Simplicity and strength are its prominent features. One trial convinces rink managers of its superiority over other skates, as it saves both time and expense. Price per pair, handsomely nickel plated, \$4.00. Send 6c. in stamps for large catalogue of Roller Skates, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Air Rifles, Police Goods, &c. JOHN P. LOVELL'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

1884 CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENTS for political organizations promptly supplied by UNITED STATES CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT MFG CO., 667 B'way (in Grand Central Hotel block), N. Y. City. FRANK J. ATWELL, Manager. Cut this out!

## ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

THEIR CAUSE AND CURE. KNIGHT'S NEW BOOK SENT FREE. Address, L. A. KNIGHT, 15 East Third Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Mention this paper.

BIRCH'S WILLWIND KEY ANYWATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 35 Dey St., N. Y.